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Wonder Horses for little buckaroos...*

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Talk about champions! Wilson's famous Clydesdales have won 9 out of the last 10 International Six-Horse Hitch Championships. These beautiful, perfectly matched animals, weighing over a ton each, are symbolic of the horses that used to deliver Wilson meats—and that won the first International Championship half a century ago.

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The shortcut to Japan and the Far East is along the Northern Pacific Railway and through the Pacific Northwest ports in Washington and Oregon. It's two days shorter than through California. At least a full day shorter by rail. Another day

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The NP has a new office in Tokyo. Our Director of Far East Sales, Masae Kitagawa, is there to coordinate your shipments to and from the Far East. Let's talk about saving time and money on your export-import shipments. Contact our Tokyo office or your NP representative or E. M. Stevenson, VP-Traffic, Northern Pacific Railway, phone 612-222-7773, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101.

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In 1862 it took 250 separate hand operations to make a bottle of Korbel Champagne. We now have it down to 244.

We used to have to handle each bottle of Korbel Champagne 250 times, from the time it first started to ferment in the bottle until the time it left our cellars three or four years later. Nowadays we are a little more efficient. (We no longer stick labels on by hand, for example.)

We are, however, a mere 2.4% more efficient. We still age our wines three to four

years in white oak casks. We still let it ferment naturally for another three to four years in the bottle. (The same bottle you will buy.) We still refuse to make champagne in bulk. We still refuse to carbonate our champagne artificially.

We still, in short, cling to what The Britannica calls the "older, classic method" of making champagne.



KORBEL FINE OLD CLASSIC CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES Sec • Extra Dry • Brut • Natural • Pink • Sparkling Burgundy • F. Korbel and Bros., Inc., Guerneville, Calif.

Avis interrupts the rent a car war to bring you a message on vacation rates.



Cease fire!

We have a plan, called "See America," going into operation this summer.

To put it briefly: Only \$99 rents a new Plymouth for a week, with no charge for the first thousand miles and your first tankful of gas is free.

For example, let's say you drove from Las Vegas through the Grand Canyon to Phoenix and then across to Los Angeles, traveling 995 miles in seven days.

All it would cost is \$99 plus about \$21 for gas (if you want an air-conditioned car, add \$10). And that is considerably less than our usual rate.

It gets a bit more complicated when you go over a thousand miles or rent longer than a week. So call Avis or your travel agent for the full details.

Okay, No.1. Resume firing.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 19

THE AVIATION REVOLUTION (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Chet Huntley examines six pressing problems of commercial aviation: aircraft safety, crew fatigue, noise abatement, air traffic control, terminal congestion, and the jumbo and supersonic jets that will soon make their appearance. Repeat.

Thursday, July 20

HIT THE SURF (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). ABC surveys the sport of "hanging ten," from the California beaches to Oahu, Hawaii.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The tragic never-never world of young addicts is explored during a group therapy session at Staten Island's Daytop Village in "Marathon: The Young Drug Users."

Friday, July 21

MALIBU (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Rick Nelson is "Dean of Drop-In's" at a mythical college that offers a weekly course on the music and manners of the Now Generation. Premiere.

Saturday, July 22

P.G.A. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 6-7:30 p.m.). Al Geiberger defends his crown at the Columbine Country Club in Denver. Conclusion of the tourney on Sunday from 5 to 7 p.m.

Sunday, July 23

SOCCER GAME OF THE WEEK (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). Chicago at Baltimore.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Deep Frontier" examines the tools and methods man is using to investigate ocean depths. Taking part are Jacques Yves Cousteau, Jon Lindbergh and Scott Carpenter. Repeat.

THE SMITHSONIAN (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). "American Folk Art" from the collections of the Smithsonian, with Bill Ryan as host. Repeat.

ANIMAL SECRETS (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Dr. Loren Eiseley shows how animals, though they cannot reason, put past experiences to use in "Levels of Learning." Repeat.

THE ABC SUMMER NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson and Julie Harris are the ghost watchers in *The Haunting* (1963).

Monday, July 24

CORONET BLUE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Jack Cassidy stars as a shady character who sets out to frame Michael Alden (Frank Converse) for murder. Brian Bedford and Brenda Vaccaro are also featured guests.

Tuesday, July 25

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). *The Anderson Platoon*. An excellent study of young Americans at war, which is being repeated by popular request.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). *The Vikings: Two Roses*. The powers and danger of money are brought home to Digby Grant when he suddenly finds himself a rich man.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "Thailand" and "The Unknown War" both deal with the conflict in Southeast Asia.

© All times E.D.T.

"Thailand" studies the effect of the U.S. buildup on the country's people and economy. "The Unknown War" takes an intimate look at a rebellion in the making when a British film team joins a group of Burmese guerrillas.

THEATER

Some of the most worthwhile theater this summer will be presented by resident companies that are giving actors and directors an opportunity to exercise their crafts within a repertory framework before local audiences. A sampler of the groups performing this summer:

THEATER COMPANY OF BOSTON will be at the University of Rhode Island for the Kingston Summer Theater Festival until Aug. 27 with *Tango*, by Polish playwright Slawomir Mrozek, Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, two one-acters by Murray Schisgal, *The Typists* and *The Tiger*, and Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

THEATER OF THE LIVING ARTS, Philadelphia's resident troupe, is touring with the 1937 American farce, *Room Service*. They will be at the Goodspeed Opera House, East Haddam, Conn., July 17-29; the Mincola Theater, Mincola, L.I., July 31-Aug. 12; and the Playhouse on the Mall, Paramus, N.Y., Aug. 14-26.

PLAYHOUSE IN THE PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, will have Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode's *Escorial* until July 29, followed by Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, Aug. 3-26, and then *Anatol*, a musical by Tom Jones, Aug. 31-Sept. 23.

MINNESOTA THEATER COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn., *Shoemakers' Holiday*, by Thomas Dekker, Anouilh's farce, *Thieves' Carnival*, and a new play, *Harpers Ferry*, by Barrie Stavis will be in repertory at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater until Oct. 27. *The House of Atreus*, adapted by John Lewin from Aeschylus' *Oresteia*, will be added to the playbill on July 21; Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* debuts on Sept. 11.

ALLEY THEATER, Houston, Texas. Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* is scheduled from July 18 to Aug. 5.

CENTER THEATER GROUP, Los Angeles, Calif., *The Sorrows of Frederick*, a new play about Frederick the Great of Prussia by Romulus Linney, will be performed at the Mark Taper Forum until Aug. 6, with Fritz Weaver in the title role. From Aug. 25 until Oct. 8, Duerrenmatt's *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi* will be presented.

ASSOCIATION OF PRODUCING ARTISTS, Hollywood, Calif. The APA returns to the Huntington Hartford Theater for a ten-week season ending Sept. 16. The program includes Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, the Pirandello puzzle, *Right You Are If You Think You Are*, George Kelly's *The Show-Off*, and the American premiere of *Pantagloze*, by De Ghelderode.

RECORDS

Soul

They used to be called race records. They were usually crude, gutsy blues recorded as they were being composed, a highly emotional outpouring of troubles that appealed to Negro listeners. Now, in increasing numbers, the soul singers are reaching beyond their original limited au-

dience, and their records, rather more polished but still intensely expressive, regularly become bestsellers. Among the best:

OTIS REDDING, 25, a one-time Georgia well drummer, made his first recording in 1962, has since successfully toured England and France and drew frenzied applause from an audience of 7,000 at this spring's Monterey Pop Festival. On *Kings & Queens* (Stax), he shares the throne with Carla Thomas. With rich growls and husky shouts Otis mixes jokes and blues, first down tempo, then up tempo, almost missing the beat and then catching it at precisely the right fraction of a second.

CARLA THOMAS, 25, daughter of a Memphis disk jockey, was recently voted the favorite singer of U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam, an honor won last year by the Supremes. Like the Detroit trio, Carla usually persuades by gentleness on *The Queen Alone* (Stax). Her voice is slightly husky, although at times she hones it to a piercing cry that goes straight through the rocking under rhythms.

ARETHA FRANKLIN, 25, got an early start on the gospel circuit with her father, a Detroit minister, and still knows how to shout. A good pianist, she accompanies herself on her best collection of blues, *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You* (Atlantic), which leads off with Otis Redding's hit, *Respect*. Aethra Franklin's *Greatest Hits* (Columbia) mixes pop songs with some blues.

RAY CHARLES, 36, is the quintessence of soul: it's not what he sings but the way that he sings it. On *Listen* (ABC), the blind musician charges some tired songs (*Love Walked In*, *How Deep Is the Ocean*), with his peculiar high voltage, all without raising his voice much above a whisper. The first hit single from the album is the simple, dreamy *Here We Go Again*.

LOU RAWLS, 31, has graduated from the small Negro nightclub "chitlin' circuit" into supper clubs on the strength of the audience he has won with his four latest albums. In *Too Much!* (Capitol), Rawls manages to be convincing in love even though his voice is nearly smothered by the overelaborate arrangements of a big band. He also does a monologue about the Chicago dead-end street where he was born, and delivers some incredibly rapid-fire barroom chatter.

NINA SIMONE SINGS THE BLUES (RCA Victor) with every dramatic trick in the book. At 34, she is just now coming into her own commercially with a voice that is deep and harsh in protest ("Do you think that all colored people are just second-class fools?"), pleading and sultry in love (*I Want a Little Sugar in My Bowl*), fast and loose in *The House of the Rising Sun*.

CINEMA

THE FAMILY WAY. From the raw material of a young couple (Hayley Mills, Hywel Bennett) unable to consummate their marriage, Producer-Directors Roy and John Bolting have fashioned a delicate comedy.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE. The latest James Bond effort with Sean Connery back in his Beretta harness comes to only 006½.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. This is the definitive enlisted man's picture of World War II, in which all officers are hypocritical or stupid, and only Lee Marvin is tough enough to win respect.

TO SIR, WITH LOVE. A British expedition into the blackboard jungle, with Sidney Poitier investing subtle warmth into

Scovill is a gay blade around women

When it comes to tough cutting jobs, Scovill knows what women want: help.

Our Dritz electric scissors make light work of cutting everything from lace to leather to thickest fabrics. These push-button scissors cut clean, smooth, even, never ragged. And there's never a complaint about fatigue or hands that cramp or blister.

Coming up with new product ideas is a way of life at Scovill.

Other examples: we invented the first laundry-proof snap fastener; originated the Hamilton Beach electric knife (the one with the hole in the handle); built America's first large scale continuous casting machine for brass mill products; developed the modern tire valve.

For product ideas that are original, keep your eye on Scovill—a company that has paid continuous dividends for 112 years—the longest unbroken record of any industrial on the New York Stock Exchange. For further information, write Scovill, Waterbury, Connecticut.



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Don Q was meant for better things.

Like rum and soda. And rum on the rocks.
Where you can appreciate the exceptionally light,
dry, smooth flavor of Don Q.

A lot of people prefer Don Q in their Daiquiris
for those very qualities.

All we can say to that is, Salud!

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 & 151 PROOF. DON Q IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA.

the part of a starched teacher in a slum school.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. Walter Matthau creates a triumph of taste in a role that could have been merely low down in this film about a husband bent on an adulterous bender.

BARFOOT IN THE PARK. A happy transition to the screen of Neil Simon's comic Broadway hit with Original Cast Members Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick and the addition of Jane Fonda.

BOOKS

Best Reading

STORIES AND TEXTS FOR NOTHING, by Samuel Beckett. In 16 stories and fragments, Beckett restates his eternal theme—that the ravages of time are unending.

THE WOBBLES, by Patrick Renshaw. The rise and fall of the Industrial Workers of the World as seen by a British scholar. There is a fine cast of anarchists and eccentrics, many of whom died at the hands of lynch mobs but not before saying a few memorable last words.

SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. This carefully culled selection of the tragic Welsh poet's letters painfully—and touchingly—reveals that his chronic fault was a reckless profligacy in everything he did.

A PRELUDE: LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE, by Edmund Wilson. The critic's early career as a wide-ranging man of letters, as well as the end of the cozy, pre-1914 world he grew up in, are both reflected in this fascinating memoir.

HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS, 1939-1945, VOL. II OF DIARIES AND LETTERS, edited by Nigel Nicolson. Author-Politician Nicolson's gossipy jottings not only give a crisp and sharp picture of embattled Britain but also establish him as a brilliant Boswell to his age and peers.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. The odd fairy tale gets a dizzy retelling in an oddball and very contemporary idiom. As Snow White puts it: "Oh, I wish there were some words in the world that were not the words I always hear."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
3. *The Plot*, Wallace (4)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (3)
5. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (5)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (8)
8. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (7)
9. *When She Was Good*, Roth
10. *The King of the Castle*, Holt

NONFICTION

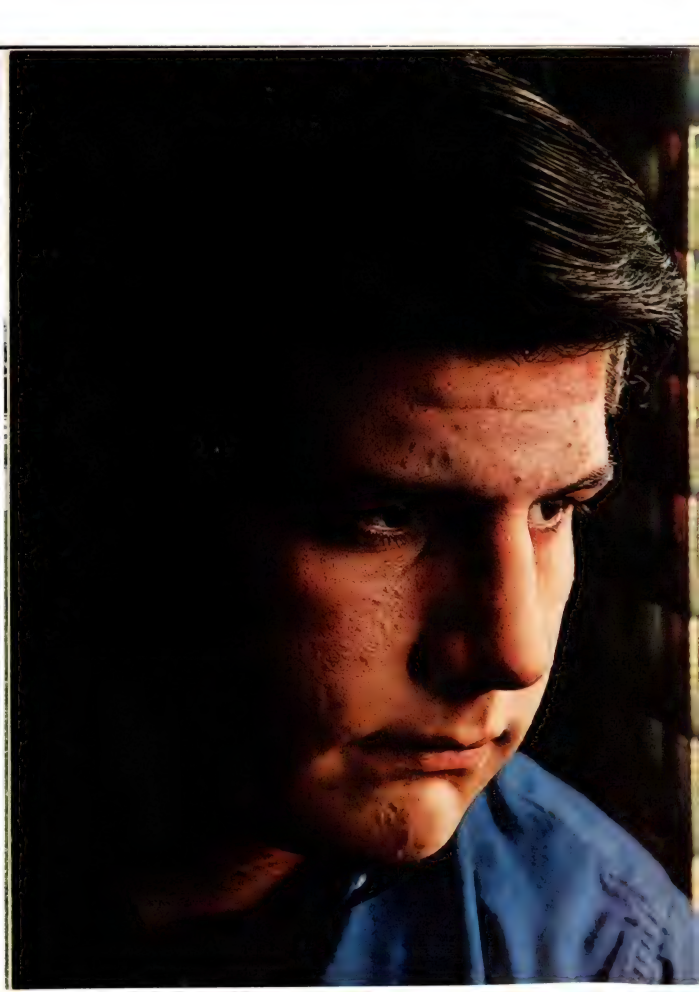
1. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (3)
2. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (2)
3. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (10)
4. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (1)
5. *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*, White, ed. (8)
6. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith
7. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
8. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (6)
9. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (4)
10. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (5)

Your brain and our phone system are a lot alike

Both were designed to last a lifetime. Both consist of close to ten billion components, nerve cells or transistors, relays or memory modules. Both occasionally malfunction and cause missed connections, misunderstand-

ings, static and heat. Both start each new day determined to do better. And both usually succeed. Today, we were able to complete over 295 million phone calls, some of them yours. We hope your brain had a good day, too.





The curse of adolescence.

We hope to lift it a little.

Nature plays a pretty dirty trick on a lot of our teenagers.

First she uses the hormone changes of adolescence to give them an overwhelming concern about how they look to the opposite sex.

And then she uses those same changes to plague that newfound vanity with the blemishes of acne.

No wonder so many teenagers find growing up a painful experience.

Can acne be prevented? Unfortunately, no. But we can try to control it.

Overactive oil glands are the basic problem, of course. But the real danger lies in bacterial infection. It can lead to permanent scarring.

Staphylococci bacteria—which cause boils—are always on the skin. They thrive in its oil. And once they get underneath the skin, they multiply at an astounding rate. In 15 hours a single bacterium can have a million descendants.

It's here that we hope to help.

Olin has developed a biocide that kills or inhibits

more different bacteria than any other commercial product we know of. Zinc Omadine®.

It's so potent, that just a few parts per million is enough to control the bacteria on any skin area it covers.

And so obvious is its potential for controlling acne, that a well-known cosmetic company has already licensed it from us.

Of course, it will take at least two years of research and testing before it can be put on the market. But there's plenty reason to be optimistic about its effectiveness.

Zinc Omadine has already proved itself in a shampoo and a hair dressing, both of which successfully use its biocidal qualities to control dandruff.

And it can probably help in the treatment of other skin ailments, too.

But for the moment, its greatest potential seems to lie in what it may do for the sensitive adolescent.

Because, since he can be scarred by acne psychologically, as well as physically, it's doubly important that he get whatever help he can.

Olin

LETTERS

Hussein & the Arabs

Sir: Thank you for demonstrating that the motives of Jordan's King Hussein [July 14] are realistic and forward-thinking. He is the only leader in the Middle East who has sane, long-range plans for negotiating with the Israelis. Let's hope he can convince the "heroic" hotheads of Syria and the United Arab Republic to go along.

MARY E. SOMMER

Manhattan

Sir: There is nothing to justify pinning the badge of courage on Hussein. On the eve of the Arab-Israeli war, Hussein cringingly entered into a military alliance with his archfoe Nasser. The basis for this groveling was Hussein's miscalculation that Egypt this time would surely annihilate Israel, in which event Nasser would emerge as the supreme master of Arabia. Hussein figured that he had better end his hostilities with his master-to-be. This does not show courage; instead, it shows sniveling opportunism.

ARNOLD H. SHAW

Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Life Among the Flowers

Sir: It would be encouraging if the hippies [July 7] were all motivated by the love, honesty and desire for independence from material possessions that you attribute to them. It appears, however, that you are describing the extreme minority. The tragedy of the hippies is that the great majority of these mop-haired, dirty escapists are simply overindulged kids who have had too much of everything that an affluent society can provide them. Now they want all the privileges of our society but none of the responsibilities. We are fooling ourselves when we look for the hidden good in them while totally ignoring the obvious evil.

DONALD G. BOULDIN
Captain, U.S.A.

Fort Polk, La.

Sir: That was a very imaginative piece. What people aren't aware of is that it isn't the hippies who are rebelling; it is society that has rebelled against and turned its back on love, individuality and humanity. All the hippies are attempting is to set the course straight. As for drugs, I am 17 years old and am looking forward to experiencing the psychedelic field. I am already tired of viewing objects from the same patterned angles and perspectives, that is, from bottom, top, sideways

—I want to get inside things, in the mainstream, bloodstream—sightsee the system, so to speak. Don't put us down too fast—we merely want to explore countries that you have only sailed around.

TOMMY LINDLOF

Winter Haven, Fla.

Sir: As a high school teacher and the mother of two teen-age boys, I am increasingly disturbed by the glorification of nonconformity for its own sake. Your cover story makes dropping out of college sound like the thing to do. It makes drug taking sound like great fun. It reads like a recruiting brochure. "Join the hippies and take a trip. Discover new experiences. No work. No responsibilities. Absolutely free. Just hitchhike to the nearest hippie center."

Sure, growing up is painful. It always has been. But you don't solve the problems of growing up by turning your back on them and walking away. It doesn't take too much courage to resign from the human race. It takes courage to learn to live with it.

JANET W. MONROE

Sidney, N.Y.

Sir: The "flower children" have my vote as the cop-outs of the decade.

MRS. ROBERT MORRIS

Mundelein, Ill.

Sir: There is a kind of hippie you did not mention, the "working hippie," who works in a 9-to-5 job as a clean-shaven, productive member of society. In his gut, he practices the same philosophy of the more publicized hippies, but he is so unconventional and nonconformist that he doesn't need to wear bangles, beads and a beard to prove that, in spirit, he is a hippie. In time, dropout hippies may realize that they can do as much, or more, on the inside of society as on the outside. Until then, we should be everlastingly thankful to them for reminding us of the values we all are supposed to possess.

AL SHEAHEN

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir: First must know that hippies can never relate to Hobbits.

Hobbits are simple, wholesome, neat, fun-loving and appreciative of the good life. They need no hallucinogens to tell them when parties are fun, food good, and life pleasant and comfortable. In pursuit of their affairs they are realistic and responsible. A Hobbit pad is clean, comfortable, beloved and cozy, a good place for a comforting cup of tea. We stay-ins

must judge from TIME's picture that hippies live just a step above animals.

LOUISE LAURENZ

Rolla, Mo.

Sir: You're kidding yourselves, just like all straight people who say, "This is the creed of every hippie; they all think the same, talk the same, look the same, are the same." All hippies have a different purpose. Of course, we all love and want to be loved. We see beauty in things that other people take for granted. We love flowers because they symbolize freedom. We want to live as flowers do, away with the wind, belong to the world in a lovely sort of way. Stop writing articles on us, please. We are not to be studied. We are human beings, even though we have different ideas than you do.

I was a straight person until a year ago. I was so miserable that I decided that must be a better life. I found it, and now I am living with people of my own kind. We are happy and we enjoy ourselves. You should try it some time. I do not take drugs, and I don't smoke pot or marijuana because I don't enjoy it. Some people have pleasant trips and others have buddies. I had a buddy. I do take part in love-ins and demonstrations, though. I am happy, and I wish the world could be the same.

MARY

(I have no last name)

Chicago

Beat the Drums

Sir: Your Essay on public relations [July 7] is a masterpiece of objective research. Like all other professions, p.r. has its share of phonies. But on balance the wonder is that it's come so far so fast.

WALTER W. SEIFERT

Associate Professor of Public Relations
Ohio State University
Columbus

Sir: You went to great lengths to find a definition of public relations. Yet any good p.r. man can define his trade in three words: ending free advertising.

CHUCK MORRIS

Chicago

Sir: To list social-climbing publicity and sports flack alongside corporate public relations under "public relations" is tantamount to lumping a circus seal with Sir John Gielgud as "entertainers."

However, more distressing to those of us who have brought graduate degrees in economics, research, marketing and finance, as well as years of corporate experience, to our craft is the misunderstanding of the function of public relations reflected in your Essay. It is true that some so-called corporate public relations practitioners are employed principally as company spokesmen, much as the Government employs its ambassadors as phrase-makers rather than policy-shapers. But in its proper context, corporate public relations has a profound influence on corporate policies. When public relations fulfills this role, it is based not nearly so much on word skills as on sophisticated understanding of research techniques. In brief, corporate public relations today uses a far broader blend of disciplines than the writer of the Essay uncovered.

EVELYN KONRAD

Evelyn Konrad Public Relations
Manhattan

Sir: As a more than 20-year practitioner of public relations, I agree with much you say and believe that your words will

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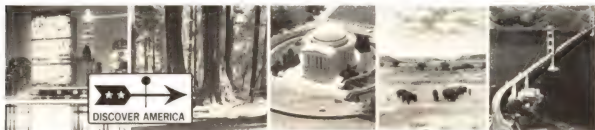
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wears more evenly.

FOUR ACTUAL PLYS. The Round Tire has 4-ply construction for greater strength plus many other marks of quality—a unique tread design which puts more rubber on the road—longer-wearing tough rubber compounds. These are just a few of the many examples of the care that goes into building The Round Tire.

SAFETY TESTED. You'll be glad to know The Round Tire is also safety

tested in 54 different ways. In addition, complete sets of tires from various manufacturers' production for '67 cars were promptly road tested under identical conditions by an independent test fleet.

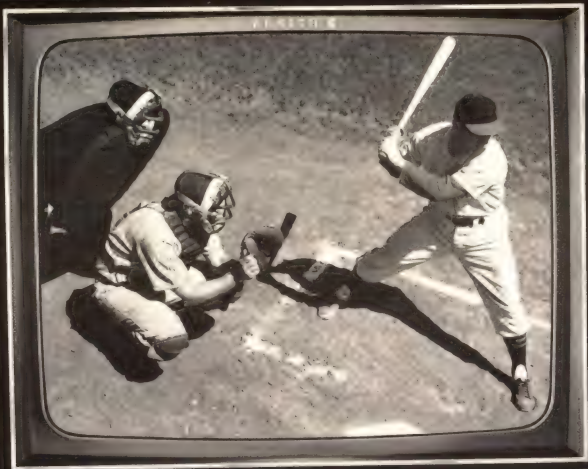
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See the total new look in portable TV—Zenith's new Super Screen that lets you see a wider . . . bigger . . . more rectangular TV picture. Now at your Zenith dealer's.

At left, Shoreview, Super Screen Portable TV, Model Y2022.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 21, 1967

Vol. 90, No. 3

THE NATION

RACES

Sparks & Tinder

(See Cover)

The Los Angeles ghetto of Watts went berserk in 1965 after an unemployed high school dropout named Marquette Frye was arrested for drunken driving. In six days of rioting, 35 died, 900 were injured. In 1966, the Cleveland ghetto of Hough erupted when a white bartender denied a glass of ice water to a Negro patron. And in Newark, N.J., a trumpet-playing Negro cab driver by the name of John Smith last week became the random spark that ignited the latest—and one of the most violent—of U.S. race riots.

Smith was driving his cab through winding, brick-paved streets in Newark just after dusk one evening. Ahead of him, moving at a maddeningly slow pace, was a prowling car manned by Officers John DeSimone and Vito Pontrelli, on the lookout for traffic violators, drunks, and the angry brawls

that often mar a summer's night in a Negro neighborhood. In the stifling heat, Smith grew impatient and imprudent. Alternately braking and accelerating, flicking his headlights on and off, Smith taunted the police car. Finally, after a quarter-mile of tailgating, Smith tried to swing past the police. They cut him off. *Who the hell? . . . Guddam . . . Son of a bitch!* There was a short scuffle, and Smith was trundled into the squad car.

It might have ended there, like any one of a thousand police-blotter items. But Smith's arrival at the station house happened to be seen by scores of Negro residents of the red brick Hayes Homes housing development across the street and by other cab drivers as well. Out over the cabbies' crackling VHF radio band went the rumor that white cops had killed a Negro driver. Within minutes, cabs and crowds were converging on the grey stone headquarters of the Fourth Precinct in the heart of Newark's over-

crowded, overwhelmingly Negro Central Ward. By midnight, the first rocks and bottles were clattering against the station-house walls; by the next day, the tinkle of broken glass was counterpointed by cries of "Beat drums, not heads!" Out charged a phalanx of police to break up the crowds. After three hours calm returned, but not for long. Along the ghetto grapevine, the word was passed: "You ain't seen nothin' yet." By that evening, New Jersey's largest city (pop. 405,000) was caught up in the fiercest race riot since Watts.

Four nights running, and even during the heat of the day, snipers' bullets spanged off sidewalks, night sticks crunched on skulls, and looters made off with the entire inventory of scores of stores (one small Negro boy was seen carrying table lamps in his own size). New Jersey's Governor Richard Hughes proclaimed Newark a "city in open rebellion," declared a state of emergency, and called out the National Guard. More



NEWARK NEGROES TAUNTING NATIONAL GUARDSMEN
Terrifying in the very triviality of the immediate cause.



SMITH (RIGHT) & LAWYER LOFTON
Summary in soul music.

than 4,000 city police, state troopers and Guardsmen patrolled the city's debris-littered streets.

The toll in human suffering mounted hourly. Before the week was out, at least 21 people were dead, more than 1,000 injured, another 1,600 arrested. Property damage soared into the millions.

No Call for It. The very triviality of the riot's immediate cause made the Newark outburst particularly terrifying. It seemed to say that a dozen or so people could be killed in almost any city, any night, by the purest chance. In the past three years, racial riots have flared in some 50 U.S. cities, from Harlem to Hough, Chicago to Cin-

cinnati, Boston to Buffalo, Watts to Waukegan. Most began with a vagrant spark, and often it takes nothing more than that.

In Hartford, Conn., last week, a Negro luncheonette owner threw out a Negro customer for getting fresh with a waitress—and the upshot was two days of violence. What began as a dispute between Negroes ended in damage to 14 shops, a few of which were white-owned; it also brought injuries to 14 of both races. Police in Erie, Pa., broke up a sidewalk crap game among Negro youths—and the result was two days of stonings and stick-work. Officials in Cincinnati, Tampa and Buffalo, where ghetto dwellers rampaged earlier this summer, nervously sought ways to avert fresh flare-ups. Racial disturbances also occurred in Plainfield, N.J., Laurel, Md., Kansas City, Mo., and Miami.

As unlikely a place as Waterloo, a nice, small city of 75,000 in northeast Iowa's dairy area, was touched, too, by the madness. Waterloo's Negroes make up only 8% of the population, are well integrated into the schools, and enjoy an unemployment rate of a minimal 2.3% (well below the current national average of 4%). But trouble exploded anyway. A young Negro, in full view of a prowl car, deliberately knocked down an old white man who was sweeping the sidewalk in front of a tavern. His arrest touched off yet another 48 hours of rioting by Negro youths—to the perplexity of their elders. Said Albert Morehead, 68, a Mississippi-reared Negro who takes pride in the symbols of his success in the

North—a neat frame house and around it flourishing patches of greens and flowers: "I can't see no call for it."

Preferred Brands. There seemed to be little call for the explosion in Newark, either. Nevertheless, after building up slowly, it spewed violence in all directions. After the first pop bottles and bricks were heaved, the looters moved in. Harry's Liquor Store, a fueling stop about a block from the precinct house where Cabby Smith was hooked, became the first target. A brick smashed the unprotected display window; gallons of liquor poured out—into throats, not gutters. From other liquor stores, Negro looters formed human chains that reached clear around corners. They went first for the imported Scotch (Chivas Regal and Johnny Walker Red Label were the preferred brands), then for the bourbons and gins, next for vodka and champagne—and when everything else ran out—for cheap muscatels and cordials. TV stores were hard-hit. "I can get \$500 for this color set," exulted one looter. "It's got a \$1,000 price tag on it."

Negro youths clambered onto the iron grilles, shielding store fronts and, straining in unison, ripped them free. They sometimes spared stores whose windows bore the cravoned legend "Soul Brother," a sign of Negro ownership. In stores owned by "Whites," clothing was stripped from mannequins, and the headless, pale pink forms soon dotted the length of Springfield Avenue, one of Newark's shopping streets, along with a fine, crunchy layer of window glass. Women pranced through supermarkets with shopping carts, picking and choosing with unwonted indifference to price tags. One young Negro mother was stopped by cops as she exited from a bicycle shop, her four children riding on shiny new tricycles. She was arrested, along with 350 other looters; countless others got away with the swag.

Springfield Rifles. One ransacked store near Springfield Avenue yielded rifles, shotguns and pistols. Soon shots were snapping from windows and rooftops, aimed at police patrols and firemen en route to battle the dozens of blazes that broke out. Over the police radio came cries of alarm. "We're sitting ducks out here—give us the word. Let us shoot." As Molotov cocktails exploded in stores and around police cars, one radio bleated: "We're getting bombed here. What should we do?" Replied the dispatcher, laconically: "Leave."

But it soon became clear that—as in Watts—leaving would only feed the mob's appetite for destruction and loot. Soon after midnight on the second night of rioting, the police were finally given the word: "Use your weapons." As could have been expected, police guns proved much more lethal than those in the hands of Negro riot-



INJURED RIOTER BEING LED OFF TO HOSPITAL
The direst damage was psychological.



FIGHTING BLAZE IN HABERDASHERY
In a way, like laughter at a funeral.

ers. Of those dead by racial violence in Newark last week, only two were white. Plainclothes Patrolman Frederick Toto, 34, a police hero cited for saving a drowning child in 1964, was shot through the chest by a sniper and died two hours later, despite heart surgery. A fireman was later shot in the back and killed. Among the Negro dead were children and women, looters and gunmen.

Fixed Bayonets. In response to an appeal from Newark Mayor Hugh Addonizio, Governor Hughes called up 2,600 National Guardsmen. Soon Jeeps, trucks and a clanking eleven-ton armored personnel carrier mounting machine guns roared into the ghetto. When several police were pinned down by Negro sniper fire, the APC rumbled up and began blazing away with its .30-cal. guns; unknown to the mob, they were loaded with blanks. The police got away. Simultaneously, Guardsmen and police patrols coursed through the streets—often behind fixed bayonets—picking up every Negro in reach. Black Power Playwright LeRoi Jones, 32, was snatched from a Volkswagen with two loaded .32-cal. pistols in his pockets. Jones, who once urged Negroes to handle white men by smushing their “jelly white faces,” ended up beat-up himself; a blunt weapon split his scalp, and he required seven stitches.

Governor Hughes pretty much took over. Besides calling up the Guard, he closed all of Newark's liquor stores (“We’ll dry this city out”), ordered all guns and ammunition confiscated from the stores that were selling them, imposed a curfew that advanced from midnight to 11 p.m., and finally to 10. He also worked long hours touring the riot area, and his task force arrest-

ed some 50 looters. Still the mob reveled in the curious exultation of the explosion. “Was the Harlem riot worse than this?” a Negro girl asked a reporter. When he assured her that it was not, she cried: “That’s good; that’s great!”

Harmony. John William Smith, the chance actor who started it all, grew up some years ago near Salisbury, N.C., during an era when many whites thought of Negroes (if at all) in Amos-’n-Andy stereotypes. Smith was no Kingfish. He had a year of college at predominantly Negro school, North Carolina A. & T., where he studied

music and played the trumpet. Then came the post-World War II Army, in which he served as an enlisted infantryman in Japan, Korea (where he won a combat infantryman's badge) and the Philippines. But this was still the segregated Army and, for the Negro G.I., a discouraging morass of minor humiliations and kitchen routine.

A short (5 ft. 7 in.), stocky man with a mustache and goatee, Smith has been a cab driver for the past five years, paying a daily fee of \$16.50 to use a “rent-a-cab.” From that investment he can expect \$100 a week—in a good week—as personal profit. He is unmarried (“I’m all alone in this jungle,” Smith told his lawyer, Oliver Lofton, a former aide to Under Secretary of State Nicholas DeB. Katzenbach). He rents a one-room apartment in Newark's “Ironbound” district (so named for its wrap-around railroad lines), has a collection of 25 “cool” jazz records, and is saving for a plate to replace his missing front teeth (lost in an accident years ago). Says Smith, a quiet and articulate man: “I got to tighten up my upper register and study a little harmony.” Before last week he had been ticketed five times—not much by cabby standards—for minor traffic violations.

Smith came up against a police force commanded by a tough, no-nonsense Italian-American named Dominick A. Spina, 56, who won reputé on the virtues that mark the best of American law-enforcement officers: personal courage and political neutrality. A stocky, cigar-chomping man with steely grey hair and temperament, he heads a 1,400-man force that is heavy-

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HUGHES & ADDONIZIO
Even the improvements fueled the grievances.

NEWARK'S AGONY: Bloody Outbreak In a Hot, Taut City

Crouched behind squad cars, police and National Guardsmen take cover from sniper fire on third night of riot. One cop was fatally shot; dozens were injured.



Negro lies dead on Mulberry Street. Police said he refused to halt after he was caught looting a burning building.





Hauling away booty from shop at height of turmoil. Soon after picture

was taken, man at right was shot and killed, presumably by a police bullet.



Police aid an injured colleague, were finally given the order "Use your weapons" after being cornered by mobs repeatedly and pinned down by rooftop gunmen.

Looters are frisked on Springfield Avenue during second day. Rioters made off with entire inventories of some stores, favored TV sets, liquor and guns.

ly Italian, but—according to city officials—includes some 400 Negroes as well. Until last week, Spina could claim the ultimate satisfaction in police work: without undue harshness or permissiveness, merely by enforcing the law as it is written, his cops had kept the peace in a potentially turbulent city. Even when the Harlem riots of 1964 set off secondary explosions of racial strife in the neighboring cities of Jersey City, Paterson and Elizabeth, Newark managed to keep its cool.

Treat's Trick. It was not an easy place to keep chilled. Bounded on the east by the waste-grey waters of the Passaic River and shrouded by a chronic cloud of yellow industrial smog, Newark's black enclave is a glassless realm of rotting brick and crumbling concrete; no less than 32.6% of the city's housing, according to a 1962 study, is substandard. Newark was founded 301 years ago by a dissident Connecticut Puritan named Robert Treat, who, by current standards at least, tricked the Indians into selling him a site including most of what is today, in all its greenery, Essex County for \$700 worth of gunpowder, lead, axes, kettles, pistols, swords, beer and a number of other items. As recently as 1950, Negroes constituted a scant 17% of Newark's population. With the rush to the suburbs by whites in the affluent era that followed, and the northward hegira of Negro refugees from Dixie, the black population is now estimated at 50% to 55% and even more, making Newark the only major city in the North, except for Washington, with a Negro majority.

Under Mayor Addonizio, 53, a bulky, balding liberal Democrat who once quarterbacked for Fordham behind the "Seven Blocks of Granite" and served as an infantry officer from Algiers to the Bulge, Newark until recently was considered a city in control of its problems. Addonizio, who served 14 years in the U.S. House of Representatives before his election as mayor in 1962—largely on the strength of Negro and Italian votes—outlined an ambitious urban-renewal program. Newark today spends \$277 per capita on repairing urban blight—the highest annual figure for the nation's 50 biggest cities. Newark officials claim an overall unemployment figure of 7%—down from 14% when Addonizio took over city hall—and Newark has 125 federal poverty workers who spent \$2,000,000 last year on community-action projects. But the funds face a cut because of the war, and the number of workers will be scaled down to 30 by September.

Dead-End Street. Newark's Negroes find plenty wrong with the city. Although Newark has two Negroes on its nine-man city council, neither was on hand to fill the ghetto's leadership vacuum during the riots: Councilman Irvine Turner was ill; Councilman Calvin West was in Boston for a convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The city has no civilian review board (Mayor Addonizio refers all charges of police brutality to the FBI). Nor did it have any Negro police officers above the rank of lieutenant before last week (when Addonizio hastily ordered a Negro officer promoted to captain, and



LEROI JONES AFTER ARREST
Smash those jelly white faces.

the city council later showed its good will by authorizing the move).

To many Negroes, the gravest grievance is one engendered by somebody's idea of an urban improvement. Last year Addonizio designated 46 acres of the Central Ward as the new campus for the New Jersey State College of Medicine and Dentistry—a move that would force some 3,500 Negroes out of their homes. However dilapidated those dwellings might be, the threat raised hackles throughout the city. A subsequent proposal to extend two interstate highways that pass near Newark through the downtown area might displace 20,000 more Negroes. The resolution of these problems is not yet clear.

When displaced, the Newark Negroes, as in other Northern cities, generally move to another part of the slums. Rarely do they escape into the white suburban communities that ring the city, nor are they very welcome in most of the Italian, Ukrainian, Irish and Jewish communities in other parts of the city itself. For John Smith and the rest of Newark's Negroes, a current "soul music" hit called *On a Dead-End Street* summarizes the Negro's plight all too aptly.

*They say this is a big rich town,
but I live in the poorest part;
I know I'm on a dead end street,
in a city without a heart.*

"Criminal Insurrection." Real as the grievances may be, last week's outburst was violently out of proportion to the provocation—as many of Newark's Negroes realized. "Oh, Alice," said one elderly man to his wife, "this is a terrible day for our people." A young Negro woman with two small sons snapped: "They ought to shoot all them rioters. Who do they think they are anyway?" "We need the police," said another woman. "All of



POLICE VAN AFTER STONING IN HARTFORD, CONN.
Reflections of a yawning gap.

this mess about police brutality is nonsense." Clearly, the gravest suffering was endured by the Negroes themselves, though scores of white-owned shops in the Central Ward were gutted by fire or stripped by looters. The direct damage, on all sides, was psychological.

"The line between the jungle and the law might as well be drawn here as any place in America," said Governor Hughes after a motor tour of the riot-blighted streets. The thing that repelled him was the "holiday atmosphere" that he implied he had seen with his own eyes. Said he subsequently: "It's like laughing at a funeral." Hughes, whose record in civil rights support and anti-discrimination legislation is among the most generous in U.S. politics, could not bring himself to believe that the Newark nightmare was purely racial. Unshaven, sleepless for 25 hours, he said at one point: "This is not a Negro rebellion. This is a criminal insurrection."

Once it flared, the most striking feature of Newark's riot—like those in a score of other cities—was that the young Negroes took it over. Some were seekers of kicks. Some, still in their teens, were already infected with hate. And some were, in an extreme fashion, reflecting a yawning generation gap—the sort of thing that high school student Byron Washington, 16, was talking about when he said in Waterloo, Iowa: "The whites got to face it, man. This is a new generation. We aren't going to stand for the stuff our mamas and fathers stood for."

Atmosphere for Violence. The outbursts of violence focused attention on an "anti-riot bill" that reached the floor of the House last week and is expected to be passed before the month is out. Aimed principally at curbing the firebrand incendiaryism of Black-Power Advocates Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, the bill prohibits crossing state lines and using the mails or other interstate facilities to incite, organize, promote or carry out a riot.

But moderate civil rights leaders think the anti-riot bill is likely to deepen pessimism among Negroes. "Too many people," said Roy Wilkins, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at its annual meeting in Boston last week, "want to make the Negro behave but do not want to give him justice. They think that riot prevention consists of crackdown laws and crackdown police."

Of the bill's author, Florida's Republican Representative William Cramer, Wilkins said with scorn: "He and his colleagues have great wrestlings with their souls and words parliamentary debates in considering, trimming, altering or rejecting a civil rights bill. But they have no trouble lining out punishment for alleged rioting. When they refuse to enact legislation such as the civil rights bill of 1967,

they are creating the atmosphere in which an outbreak of violence can occur."

Addressing the N.A.A.C.P. convention in a similar vein, Massachusetts' Republican Senator Edward Brooke held that ghetto violence can be traced to the failure at all levels of government to respond to the aspirations of moderates. "More and more Negroes," said Brooke, "have come to believe that progress is possible only through militant action, that moderation has failed to accomplish enough to satisfy the objectives of the civil rights movement. Black Power is a response to white irresponsibility."

Many whites have argued that enough civil rights legislation has been enacted for now, and that the time has come to digest it and try to make it work effectively. Brooke disagrees. "To stand still is to regress," he warned. "The word 'wait' engenders hate. If Congress, out of fear or anger, continues to choose the path of inaction, the lightning of violence will strike again and again."

Long Haul. A hyperactive Congress is of course no guarantee against the sort of violence that Brooke was talking about. Watts blew sky-high in the midst of the greatest legislative activity on civil rights in a century. City after city has become the scene of rioting after—not before—the enactment of a whole spate of Great Society programs. To a degree, the programs themselves are to blame: they have awakened the Negro to what is available in America's opulent society and whetted his appetite for more. And, as Charles Silberman noted in his *Crisis in Black and White*: "The Negroes' impatience, bitterness, and anger are likely to increase the closer they come to



MARQUETTE FRYE (RIGHT) & BROTHER IN WATTS
Some for kicks, some for hate.

full equality." In his desire for "more," the Negro has joined the rest of the crowd. But in his realization that he has a terribly long way to go before he will have as much as most whites—in jobs, in homes and in schooling he has become social tinder, easily kindled.

Last week the spark just happened to alight on Newark, for reasons that were not fully foreseeable beforehand nor easily explicable afterward. The city had seemed to be coping reasonably well with its problems. No objective analysis would have justified a prediction that Newark would be the scene of one of the biggest, bloodiest race riots of U.S. history. The event will—and should—haunt Newark, New Jersey, and the United States for a long time to come.



GUTTED STORES IN NEWARK'S CENTRAL WARD
After—not before—the Great Society.



WHEELER, WESTMORELAND, McNAMARA & JOHNSON AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Consternation, and then a typical compromise.

THE WAR

Judicious Drips & Drabs

The President's decision, arrived at after several days of anxious contemplation, was a typically Johnsonian compromise. There will be more American troops in Viet Nam at the end of this year than originally scheduled, but not so many as General Westmoreland wanted.

There are now 465,000 U.S. servicemen there, and another 25,000 have long since been tagged to go. With allowances for anticipated casualties, that would have given Westmoreland a total force of 480,000 troops by Jan. 1. Now the timetable has been accelerated. The 480,000 mark will be reached by mid-October, 2½ months ahead of schedule.

What Westmoreland was asking for was three additional divisions, totaling 120,000 men, by mid-1968. He apparently is only going to get 70,000 to 80,000 men—in "drips and drabs," as one U.S. officer put it—over the next 18 months. Thus the maximum U.S. strength in Viet Nam is now visualized as around 550,000 men by the end of next year, if necessary—and L.B.J. of course continues to hope the maximum won't be necessary.

The bigger and faster buildup that Westmoreland wanted was unpalatable to the President for domestic reasons, but he was also underpinned that it was essential to our effort in Viet Nam. It would have required mobilization of some reserves, and that would have been extremely expensive. Momentarily, the President is expected to renew his January request for a 6½% surtax on personal and corporate income taxes, in hopes of whittling down the big bud-

getary deficit anticipated for the current fiscal year. Calling up the Reserves could have forced him to peg the surtax closer to 10%.

Boys on Bikes. It was in this situation that Johnson sent Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to Saigon two weeks ago for his ninth visit in six years. Briskly making the rounds, from battered Marine camps near the Demilitarized Zone to Army installations in the marshy Mekong Delta, McNamara probed two questions over and over: Were field commanders overestimating Communist strength? Were the Allied forces on hand being used at something less than maximum effectiveness? Rather early in his five-day visit, it became plain that the Secretary thought the answer to both questions was yes.

Some officers in Westmoreland's command have put out figures indicating that the enemy's total strength has risen from 280,000 to 296,000 in the past six months. But these totals include administrative cadres, line-of-supply forces and part-time guerrillas, and there is endless room for argument about definitions as well as the count. Saigon headquarters sometimes uses the highest possible figures on enemy strength in support of arguments for more U.S. troops, then is naively surprised when the U.S. public figures the war can't be going very well if the enemy keeps getting statistically stronger.

McNamara believes the Allies, with more than 1,200,000 men in Viet Nam,*

could make do with what they have—if more men could be relieved of support jobs and assigned to combat. The Defense Secretary, like most other visitors and students of the war, has been particularly troubled by the failure of the Vietnamese to increase the effectiveness of their forces. Another thing bothered him. "Why," he demanded, "aren't all those long-haired kids I see riding around town on motorbikes in the Army?" The Vietnamese were not exactly encouraging in their reply. Waiting until McNamara had departed, Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu called a news conference to explain that the country already has an inordinate number of men in uniform. Besides, he added, it takes time to train new soldiers, and money to equip them, and Saigon cannot invest either without seriously imperiling its economy. "We don't need a general mobilization," said Thieu. The boys on the motorbikes appeared safe.

Realistic Figure. As for the U.S. forces, some officers in Saigon threw out the misleading information that no more than 75,000 troops were actually available for combat. But Pentagon sources quickly pointed out that the figure failed to include artillerymen, engineers, signalmen, reconnaissance men and helicopter crewmen—none of them infantrymen, true, but all of them combat forces nevertheless. A more realistic figure, the sources conclude, is between 100,000 and 110,000 combatants out of the Army's 302,000 troops in Viet Nam, plus 68,000 of the 79,000 Marines.

By Pentagon reckoning, 37% of the troops assigned to the air and ground war are thus available for combat—far more than some officers in Saigon estimate. The figure is substantially lower than the World War II and Korea rate of 57%, but that is mainly due to the fact that thousands of construction troops were there to develop ports and airfields in the primitive country.

Bum Rap. On his return, McNamara gave the President a generally optimistic report on the war. Claims that the war was stalemated were "ridiculous," he said. On the pressing question of manpower, he said that requirements could be met without increasing draft calls or extending the one-year tours of duty for men assigned to Viet Nam. "I think some more U.S. military personnel will be required," he said. "I am not sure how many. I am certain of one thing: that we must use more effectively the personnel that are presently there."

When word of McNamara's statement reached Westmoreland, the general was hopping mad. Having returned to the U.S. to attend the funeral of his 81-year-old mother in Columbia, S.C., he flew up to Washington to confer with the Joint Chiefs at the Pentagon. He was barely able to conceal his anger over the suggestion that U.S. forces were not being used at full efficiency. It seemed he was taking a bum rap so

* 465,000 Americans, 700,000 Vietnamese, 45,000 Koreans, 6,500 Australians, 2,500 Thais, 2,200 Filipinos, 200 New Zealanders.

the President and McNamara could hold down the budget deficit and avert a bigger tax increase.

Yes, Yes, Yes. It was the first time since Westmoreland was dispatched to Viet Nam more than three years ago that he has come anywhere near public disagreement with his civilian bosses. Concerned, the President called him to the White House for a harmony session. With McNamara present, he assured Westmoreland of his continued esteem and told him he would send as many troops as was feasible.

When the private parley was over, the President summoned newsmen to the handsome second-floor sitting room of the White House for the first news conference ever held there. On a couch before one of the gracefully arched windows sat General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Westmoreland and McNamara. On a plush easy chair alongside the couch sat the President. When the audience of reporters was assembled, there ensued an extraordinary tableau. Whether or not it figures in future histories of Southeast Asia, it should certainly merit a mention in some Harvard Business School study of executive technique.

"The troops that General Westmoreland needs and requests," the President said, "will be supplied. General Westmoreland feels that is acceptable. General Wheeler thinks that is acceptable, and Secretary McNamara thinks that is acceptable. Is that not true, General Westmoreland?"

"I agree, Mr. President," Westmoreland replied.

"General Wheeler?" the President asked.

"That is correct, Mr. President," said Wheeler.

"Secretary McNamara?"

"Yes, sir."

Said Westmoreland when he returned to the Pentagon: "I got everything I want."

Different Tack. Amid all the talk of increased troop levels, eight liberal Republicans in the House suggested a different tack altogether—mutual de-escalation by the U.S. and North Viet Nam in a move to get peace talks started. Headed by Massachusetts Congressman F. Bradford Morse, the group urged the U.S. to initiate a 60-day bombing suspension north of the 21st parallel, just below Hanoi. If North Viet Nam responded by closing off infiltration routes, U.S. bombers would gradually broaden the proscribed areas until the Northern raids had stopped entirely. Negotiations might then begin after each side had demonstrated a willingness to take limited steps toward peace.

Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney, who has been murky in most of his previous statements on Viet Nam, also called for new restrictions on the bombing. The raids against the North, he said, should "concentrate on targets in the northern portion of that country directly related to the infiltration of men and supplies into South

Viet Nam." The bombings, he contended, have failed to achieve their "intended results."

U.S. officers in Saigon would dispute that. Air Force men credit the raids with destroying about 85% of the North's power-generating capacity, 30% of its rail system, half of its air force, 3,000 trucks, 4,000 watercraft and one-fifth of all men and matériel headed for infiltration into the South. McNamara further claims that 400,000 to 500,000 North Vietnamese have had to be diverted to repair bomb damage.

Despite the fresh appeals for a scale-down of the bombing, Lyndon Johnson is not expected to de-escalate unless Hanoi shows some disposition to ease off its war effort. Said the President: "We are very sure that we are on the right track."

THE CONGRESS

Shylock Was a Piker

When it comes to consumer credit, the rule applied by many a department store, used-car dealer and friendly finance company is *caveat emptor*. Yet in an economy where outstanding credit totals \$92.5 billion—at an annual cost of \$12.5 billion in interest—the wary buyer or borrower is rare. Some of the interest rates charged—and paid—in the U.S. would scandalize Shylock. A Manhattan woman bought a \$300 sofa that actually cost her \$624 after two years of installment payments with interest of 108%. A Jersey City man ended up paying \$420 for a TV set priced at \$123.88, thanks to a 229% annual interest rate. One used car entailed 283.9% in interest charges.

Last week a "truth-in-lending" bill, aimed at unmasking such retail usury, zipped through the Senate with little discussion and no opposition. The vote: 92 to 0. The measure, based largely on legislation originally drafted in 1959 by former Democratic Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, would force retail-

ers and lenders to state explicitly both the effective interest rate and the cost of credit in dollars.

Foe of Frills. After Douglas' defeat last fall, Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire became the bill's chief sponsor. More flexible than his old friend and mentor, Proxmire facilitated passage by agreeing to exempt smaller transactions under the revolving-charge-account systems used by many department stores. The stores will still be able to state their "service charge" on unpaid balances as 1½% a month—instead of the pause-giving figure of 18% a year. Transactions in which the annual credit cost is less than \$10 would be excluded, along with loans exceeding \$25,000, and all first mortgages.

Proxmire, long an unclassifiable loner, is beginning to be an influential Senator. He entered the Senate in 1957 after an Ivy League education (Yale, Harvard Business School), stints on Wall Street (J. P. Morgan & Co.) and in journalism (Madison Capital Times), and three losing races for Governor. As a freshman Democrat, he had the temerity to criticize Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson as dictatorial. A liberal on most issues, he has been conspicuously economy-minded during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Proxmire often chips at public-works projects and appropriations for the space program, has attacked the Government-sponsored SST (supersonic transport) project as a "frill."

Boob a Minute. Proxmire's new finesse was only one ingredient in the lending measure's passage. November defeats eliminated not only Douglas, the most intransigent proponent of the bill, but also Banking and Currency Chairman A. Willis Robertson of Virginia, its stubbornest opponent. Robertson's successor as chairman, Alabama's John Sparkman, proved more tractable. The prospect is for favorable House action this year. If the bill is finally enacted, it will by no means repeal Barnum's law that a sucker is born every minute, but it may at least amend it to let the boob know for just how much he is being taken.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Philatelic Fury

Philately may seem a gentle avocation, but Postmaster General Larry O'Brien knows better. After he approved a 5¢ stamp to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Henry David Thoreau's birth, furious collectors complained that the Post Office Department was making the Walden Ponderer look like a thug, a Communist, a hippie or "a beatnik suffering from withdrawal symptoms." One fan even threatened civil disobedience. "If you bring a blown-up poster of this hideous thing into Concord, Mass.," he wrote, "you'd better send along a contingent of the National Guard." Fortunately no one had to call out the troops last week when Assistant Postmaster General Richard



WISCONSIN'S PROXMIRE
Repealing Barnum's law.

Murphy formally issued the stamp—bearing a rugged, brooding likeness of Thoreau by Artist Leonard Baskin—before a well-behaved crowd of 400 in Concord.

Suggestion Box. Every Postmaster General takes a pasting over stamps. This year the Bureau of Engraving will roll out some 24 billion of them, in 51 varieties, including 24 new issues. A good many are sure to come right back on letters from pressure groups, cranks, philatelists and historical groups.

Currently, members of the John Birch Society and other right-wing organizations are complaining that the Post Office is cottoning to subversive types with a 25¢ stamp portraying Negro leader Frederick Douglass, a 51¢ issue honoring playwright Eugene O'Neill, an 8¢ Albert Einstein number, and others of Philosopher John Dewey and Revolutionary War Pamphleteer Tom Paine. Last spring the Protestant-dominated

viewed by the Postmaster General's eleven-member Stamp Advisory Council, which is trying to avoid turkeys like the 1948 stamp celebrating the poultry industry. Still, the department must occasionally wince and yield to pressures from Capitol Hill. In 1966, Louisiana's Representative Jimmy Morrison, chairman of the House postal-rate subcommittee, wanted a stamp commemorating the Great River Road that runs from Canada to New Orleans along the Mississippi—and right through his district. Larry O'Brien, needing Morrison's support for a parcel-post reform bill, ordered the stamp. O'Brien got his bill and Morrison got his stamp—but when the Congressman came up for re-election last fall, his constituents voted him out of office. As for his stamp, a poll run by *Lim's Weekly Stamp News*, the philatelist's bible, elected the Great River Road design the ugliest of the year.

President a 55%-to-22% favorite over Nixon, 46%-to-30% favorite over Romney, and a 60%-to-16% choice over Reagan. There was one surprise, though, and a portent of trouble, A.F.L.-C.I.O. members under the age of 30, more flexible in their political allegiances than their fathers, preferred Romney over Johnson by 47%-to-42%.

► In Virginia, political hief of the late Harry Byrd for four decades, last week's Democratic primary elections indicated that the old Byrd machine might be rattling toward a final breakdown. Sidney Severn Kellam, a chief mechanic of the machine for 36 years, lost his political power base in the Norfolk area when five of the eight candidates supported by his organization for the state legislature and local offices were defeated by allies of Virginia's moderate U.S. Senator William Spill. With the power center of the Old Dominion's politics shifting inexorably from the county courthouses to the cities, Spill, whose political thinking is akin to that of progressive Republicans like Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke and Illinois' Percy, is emerging as a Democratic leader to reckon with in the new Virginia.



Better than bank robbers, pretzels and maybe even mother-in-law.

Americans United for Separation of Church and State filed suit in U.S. district court to prevent the 1967 reissue, in a slightly larger version, of last year's Christmas stamp, a Madonna and Child portrait by 15th century Flemish Artist Hans Memling. The suit charged that O'Brien, a Roman Catholic, is, in effect, proselytizing for his faith.

The department is also besieged by oddball nominations, including recent proposals for the commemoration of mothers-in-law, the ten most wanted men, the Texas longhorn, the pretzel industry, the hamburger, the 100th anniversary of the first daylight bank robbery in the U.S. (to be on Feb. 13, 1866, in Liberty, Mo.), and the 4,000th anniversary of the pickle.

Shadows & Warts. Sometimes the Post Office does heed its mail. When last year's 5¢ George Washington brought protests, the department agreed that "the stamp needs a bit of face lifting." Last month it doctored the shadows and warts in the design.

All stamp designs (for which commissioned artists receive \$1,000) are re-

POLITICAL NOTES

Polls & Portents

► For all the talk of California Governor Ronald Reagan's ascendant star in the Republican Party, the Gallup poll last week suggested he still had far to climb. The poll showed Richard Nixon maintaining a commanding lead among the Republican rank and file as a presidential preference. Nixon was the choice of 39% of Republicans polled, trailed by Michigan's Governor George Romney with 25%. But both have slipped a bit since the last sampling in May, while Reagan, who came in third, has increased his support from 7% to 11%. That places him one point ahead of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, four points ahead of Illinois' Senator Charles Percy.

► Another poll, conducted by New York's John H. Kraft, Inc., revealed, to no one's astonishment, that members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. overwhelmingly favor the re-election of Lyndon Johnson in 1968. The report, based on interviews with 1,700 unionists, showed the

PUERTO RICO

Pocketbook Plebiscite

To Puerto Rico's supernaturalists, the island's current status makes it nothing more than "a mistress of the U.S." Whatever the relationship is called, it has certainly been a profitable one. Once pitied as the "poorhouse of the Caribbean," Puerto Rico is now the most prosperous Spanish-speaking region in the Western Hemisphere. As evidence of its new maturity, the island next week will decide whether it wants to become the 51st state, to strike an independent course, or to retain its status as a U.S. commonwealth.

Leader of the fight for continued commonwealth ties is Luis Muñoz Marín, 69, a near-legendary figure among the island's *libanos* (peasants). The country's first elected governor (1948), Muñoz retired three years ago in favor of his protégé, Roberto Sánchez Vilella, but has remained a powerful force in favor of the commonwealth. When Governor Sánchez doomed his political career last March by spurning his wife of 31 years in favor of a comely aide, Muñoz took over the Popular Democratic Party's drive to retain commonwealth status. Ever since, he has been stumping like a young Congressman, speaking to small groups of party regulars and on radio and television. Once a hot-eyed *independentista* who called the U.S. an "opulent kleptomania," Muñoz now argues persuasively, if melodramatically: "Statehood is the vulture that would sit over the corpse of the Puerto Rican economy."

Why Not Now? His major opponent is Luis A. Ferré, a politically ambitious industrialist with holdings in ce-

ment, clay, iron and glass who was twice defeated by Muñoz in gubernatorial campaigns. Forming a nonpartisan group that is known as the United Stateholders, Ferre has developed considerable appeal to the island's growing middle-income group. "Don't you want to be first-class citizens?" asks Ferre. Statehood, he adds, is coming "eventually—so why not now?" Though the island's major statehood and independence parties have officially refused to endorse the plebiscite, factions of both groups are actively campaigning against the status quo.

Weighted against the undeniable emotional pull of either independence or statehood on the islanders, after nearly 69 years of dependency on the U.S., is the fact that Puerto Rico's commonwealth status is vastly advantageous to its 2,700,000 people, who enjoy U.S. citizenship and without having to pay federal taxes. Puerto Rico in the past 25 years has been transformed from an agricultural to an industrial society. Per capita income since 1940 has gone from \$120 to \$1,149, and the gross product has tripled in the past decade alone to \$3 billion. Nearly 1,400 new factories have been attracted by Puerto Rico's alluring, long-term (ten to 17 years) tax exemptions and comparatively low wages, averaging \$1.30 an hour. Where once sugar and other agricultural commodities accounted for a third of the country's income, last year they brought in just 7%, while industrial revenues totaled 24%. Already the fifth largest trading partner of the U.S. (\$2.4 billion last year), Puerto Rico is expected to move into third place soon, behind Canada and Japan. In the past generation, illiteracy has shrunk from 31.5% to 14% (v. 6.5% in the U.S.), life expectancy has soared from 46 to 70 years, and such traditional killers as tuberculosis and malaria have been practically eliminated.

Under the Mountain. A measure of the island's social and economic progress is reflected in the fact that where Puerto Ricans once compared their standard of living with Latin American countries, now the U.S. is used as the yardstick. Per capita income still trails that of all 50 American states, though it is creeping up on Mississippi's \$1,751. But even the most optimistic official projections indicate that the island's standard of living will not match the 1955 U.S. standard for another eight years. Clusters of slum shanties stand out among San Juan's flamboyant trees and white skyscrapers, and the unemployment rate lingers stubbornly around the 12% level.

Though statehood has grown markedly in popularity since Alaska and Hawaii joined the Union, and may draw as much as 30% in next week's vote, the plebiscite is likely to reflect pocket-book prejudices. The outlook is for most islanders to vote to remain "under the mountain," the Popular Party's symbol for commonwealth ties with the U.S.

ARKANSAS

On to 1968

An exterminator worried about state regulation of his trade. A banker wanted more state deposits. A trucker complained about the weights and measures system at highway truck stations. One by one, the Arkansians recited their problems to their Governor, who met them privately, took notes, offered explanations. Incessantly mopping his brow in the summer heat, Winthrop Rockefeller for four weeks has been rousing his adopted state, from the northeast, where the Ozark foothills blend into the Mississippi River flatlands, to the southwest plains, where watermelon is king. Last week he toured the Central Valley, a region studded with pulp and paper mills. The week before, he turned up in the high plateau country of the northwest, where he paid a call in Huntsville on Orval Faubus, his predecessor. Instead of lodging a complaint, Citizen Faubus heard one: Rockefeller had not received the past two issues of Faubus' newspaper, the Madison County Record.

By September, the nation's richest Governor (unless it's Brother Nelson in New York, who, like Winthrop, has a private fortune of more than \$200 million) will have planted his high-heeled cowboy boots in every Arkansas county during the course of 14 "nonpolitical" regional tours. Said a state tax official in Pochontas, a town of old cotton and new industry: "This is the first time that anybody, even a tax commissioner, has visited with us." With ease, Rockefeller was redeeming last fall's campaign slogan: "When Win Wins, He'll Be Back."

Frustrations. During his six months in office, the state's first Republican Governor in 93 years has been somewhat less successful in opening the "era of excellence" that he talked about in his inaugural. "We're making progress every bit as fast as I hoped," he insists, "though quite obviously there have been some frustrations."

Frustration has sometimes seemed to exceed progress. Rockefeller's term started with a bitter aftertaste of Faubus' twelve-year reign. The Democratic legislature—there are only three Republicans, v. 132 Democrats, in the two houses—confirmed 93 of Faubus' lame-duck appointments to state agencies, then attempted to block Rockefeller's nominees. The Governor had to go to court to make good an appointment to the public service commission. Like Arkansas Razorbacks crunching opposition ball carriers, the legislators downed one Rockefeller proposal after another: an audit of the corruption-tainted highway department, reform of jury selection, a \$1-an-hour minimum wage, regulation of state employees' political activities. In a private aside that became embarrassingly public, Rockefeller said of the legislators: "I wish the bastards would go home."

Psychological Advantage. Yet there have been some victories. When Rockefeller cracked down on illegal gambling in Hot Springs, the lawmakers responded with a bill to legalize casino operations. Rockefeller vetoed the measure and made the veto stick despite a threat to override it. He won a much needed increase in teachers' salaries, a raise in welfare payments, creation of a department of administration to modernize operations of the state's 187 agencies, and establishment of a commission to study constitutional revision.

More important than any specific achievement, however, is the psychological edge over the legislature that Rockefeller seems to have established. The Arkansas Gazette, which broke its Democratic tradition to support Rockefeller



WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER ON TOUR
Lonely road to excellence.

last year, editorialized that the Democrats anties "strengthen the argument for a two-party system in the legislature as well as in gubernatorial politics." When the Governor visited Pochontas, Farmer John Waldron, a Democrat, observed: "The way the legislature 'told' Rockefeller down there helped him a lot around here."

Rockefeller plans to summon a special session of the legislature next winter to press his reform programs anew. That will be merely a prelude to his 1968 campaign for a second two-year term, in which he can ask for the electorate's assistance in solving his problems, e.g., by sending him some new legislators.

Some covert gambling, however, does continue. Last week Democratic Representative Wright Patman of Texas, who decries gambling, and Rockefeller's described Winthrop as a "cuff-links cowboy" who had failed to suppress gambling as promised.

WHY PEOPLE GAMBLE (AND SHOULD THEY?)

Las Vegas. 4:30 a.m. Muzak oozing. Dice clacking. Slot machines whirring. No clocks. No windows. No chairs—except at the green felt tables. Ray the Shark, middle-aged, middle class, Middle West, peeks at cards, pulls cigar, rubs lucky shirt, peeks again and draws another card. Blackjack! Adrenaline pumping, grinning beatifically, he multiplies his bets—and loses. Wife appears, her palms covered with grey metallic sheen from feeding coins to slot machines. "Quick," he whispers, "I'm hot. Give me the money I told you not to give me."

RAY the Shark—as he likes to think of himself—is hooked, at least temporarily. So are 86 million other Americans, who this year will bet on everything from nags to numbers, pinocchio to pinball machines.^{*} Everybody wants a piece of the action, including the politicians. In 1964, New Hampshire became the first state in this century to legalize a lottery, followed this year by New York. But even the most unscrupulous hookies, whose average "vigorous" (profit margin) is 10%, would blush at New York's 70% lottery rake-off. The fact that state lottery tickets are sold in the marbled halls of New York financial institutions is too much for some people. Texas' Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee, sponsored a bill to keep federally insured banks from selling such tickets and last week Patman fulminated against Governor Nelson Rockefeller's "lottery racket."

Not that the lotteries have proved particularly profitable so far. In New York, receipts are running a woeful 75% below estimates. Various reasons for the lag are advanced—not enough outlets, weak promotion, bad odds (1,000,000 to 1 for top prize of \$100,000), and the unexciting legality of the whole thing. Some gamblers feel that their pastime has to be more attuned to the raffish ways of Moe the Gyp than to the clean-cut operation of Nelson the Rock. The mystique has to do with smoky back rooms and the smell of the paddocks, with whispered hunches and looking bored while four aces burn a hole in your hand.

The National Sweepstakes

The fuss about the lotteries is only one sign that the U.S. is on a gambling spree; gambling expenditures may have doubled in the past decade. Las Vegas, with its bargain-basement prices for rooms and floor shows and its free round-trip air fares for well-heeled customers, is now getting competition from oases in the Bahamas and Puerto Rico. The numbers racket (estimated total revenue: \$1.5 billion) was once known as "the black man's stock market"; now it is moving all over town. Perhaps the fastest-growing action is betting on sporting events (estimated total: \$2.2 billion) with point spreads lending an edge of excitement to even the most one-sided contests.

Over the phone, through the mails, in ads and commercials comes a barrage of invitations to join the national sweepstakes; housewives do not just shop any more, they take chances on a freight car full of oranges, or a new convertible stuffed with \$27,000 in cash. This sort of thing may not be real gambling, but it does contribute to a gambling atmosphere. Says one interested witness, the Nevada Gaming Control Board's Wayne Pearson: "Statistically, gam-

bling is the normal thing. It's the non-gambler who is abnormal in American society."

Even if gambling is statistically normal, is it psychologically so? Is it economically and ethically desirable? A great many people are faced with the question of whether it is just good, clean fun for the whole family; or a wasteful, diabolical evil; or a deeply rooted part of human life.

From Never to Wheel!

Gambling has existed in every society. The American Indians bet on the different markings on concealed wooden disks, the ancient Siamese on which mussels would open ahead of others. Some scholars connect gambling with soothsaying, calling it a secular form of divination.

Tradition has it that, to quell the restlessness of his troops when they were not tossing spears, the Greek warrior Palamedes taught them to toss dice. The ivories have been chattering ever since. And so have the opponents of gambling. Attitudes toward gambling have followed a cycle of restriction and permissiveness, moving, in the words of one historian, "from never to sometimes to wheel!" The early Greeks condemned it because it was considered detrimental to the order of the state, the ancient Egyptians because it was thought to make men effeminate. Summing up the view of the early church, Tertullian in the 3rd century A.D. denied that a dice player could be a Christian, because dicing made him too worldly. But most of the time through the succeeding centuries, the church had sins larger than gambling to worry about. Both champions and foes saw in it a certain obsessive, hysterical quality. Restoration Author John Cotton diagnosed it as a "witching disease that makes some scratch the head, while others, as if bitten by a tarantula, are laughing themselves to death."

The laughter and the head scratching continued in the New World. The Virginia Company arrived on an expedition partly financed by a lottery. Colonists used the gaming wheel to help build bridges, churches and schools (including Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth). The Puritans condemned gambling with passion because, among other reasons, it meant usurping God's role. Cotton Mather warned that the Scriptures intended lots to be "used only in weighty cases and as an acknowledgement of God sitting in judgment" and not as "the tools of our common sports."

The lever was upon the land, and by 1832 the citizens in the eight Eastern states were spending \$66.4 million on lotteries, or more than four times the national expenditure. In the late 19th century, the reformers began pitching their tents in the fairgrounds and crying out against gamblers as "a lying, perjured, rum-soaked and libidinous lot." U.S. Protestantism was especially hostile to gambling, which it saw as luring people into extravagance and away from work. By 1910, most states had passed anti-gaming laws, and gradually gambling went underground—or underworld. Says Gambling Historian Henry Chazette: "Men had shot and killed each other across gaming tables on the Mississippi and the gold fields of the West, but it took the 20th century to make gamblers mobsters."

Nobody, of course, is hypnotized into gambling, and illegal gambling flourishes today because the customers are there. Once considered either the elegant pastime of the rich or the grubby escape of the poor, it is now virtually classless. Who plays which game? Dealers and other psychologists offer only rough generalizations: competitive types favor man-against-man games such as blackjack; intellectual types and women more passive pursuits such as roulette; craps, with its rattles, pitches and shouts of "Baby needs shoes!" attracts the assertive male. As for horseplayers, according to one sociologist, about 60% are lower- and middle-class men who bet long shots "to assert their ability

^{*} That estimate comes from Gambling Expert John Scarne (who made a five-year study of the subject), and is accepted by the Internal Revenue Service. Reliable gambling statistics are as hard to come by as Red Chinese production figures. According to some reports cited by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement, organized crime takes in \$50 billion in gross revenues from gambling (as distinct from total turnover, which would be much higher). But the commission seems willing to settle for an estimate of \$7 billion. Legal gambling has estimated revenues of about \$1 billion.

to make individual decisions in a depersonalized society."

Most people who gamble do so only sporadically. But perhaps as many as 6,000,000 are compulsive. To help them, Gamblers Anonymous was founded ten years ago, modeled after A.A. In chapters in 80 cities, regular group-therapy sessions pile up endless case histories of gambling victims. One compulsive gambler tells of robbing his children's piggy bank and selling pints of his blood so he could have one more fling at the dice; another recalls how he absconded with the money for his father's funeral and blew it on the ponies. "You act just like a kid," explains Sidney L. of Washington. "You go along thinking when you hit it big you'll get the wife a mink coat, then a trip to Bermuda. Then when you do, how much of it does she see? Five dollars. You never get the car fixed or buy new tires. No odds in that. It's dead. It has no life."

A Meaning Machine

Addicted to their habit, the compulsives are caught in a wheel of misfortune whose payoffs are broken families, lost jobs and bankruptcy—or, often, embezzlement. G.A. is making only limited headway. The "cure," which requires total abstinence and regular attendance at G.A. meetings, works in about only one case out of 30.

The compulsive gambler is by definition an extreme case, but many of his motivations are shared in milder form by all gamblers. Anthropologist Charlotte Olmsted, who made a study of the subject in *Heads I Win, Tails You Lose*, believes that "many male gamblers use gambling as a substitute for sex. This is why you see so much of it in lumber camps or among soldiers. It helps avoid a certain amount of fighting as well as homosexuality." A lot of people clearly play for fun or excitement, and only secondarily for the just-maybe chance of winning some money. As that great prophet of potluck, Nick the Greek, once said: "The next-best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing. The main thing is the play." But the incentives are hard to separate. Behaviorist psychologists believe that what keeps people gambling is "intermittent reinforcement"—a regular expectation of winning. Says Harvard's B. F. Skinner: "I could arrange for a rat, pigeon or monkey to get hooked on gambling simply by providing a certain schedule of rewards or payoffs."

But many compulsive gamblers admit that their strongest drive is to lose, not win. The classic example of this self-destructive type was Dostoevsky, whose incentive to write was often to get money for gambling: when he had it, he would boast that he was going to give fate "a punch on the nose." Fate, of course, always ducked. In *Dostoevsky and Paricide*, Freud suggested that for the writer fate represented the father figure from whom he was asking punishment.

It is not necessary to accept Freud to see gambling as a challenge of fate, an existentialist insistence on man's freedom to waste himself and his substance, if he so chooses. Others see in gambling an essentially childish desire for unearned reward, and a yearning for magic—which may explain why gamblers are notoriously superstitious.

Perhaps the most persuasive theory is advanced by Sociologist Erving Goffman, who worked for a year in Las Vegas as a dealer. He describes gambling as a "meaning machine that grinds out random decisions very rapidly. Betting on the outcome transfers mere random decisions into fateful ones. This provides an essentially meaningless but exciting situation that allows people to read into the action whatever fantasies they want, to groove, to go crazy in an intensely personal way." In other words, gambling becomes life itself, made into whatever one wants it to be.

Some want to make gambling into a prototype of capitalism; after all, runs the argument, capitalism is based on some form of gambling or at least risk taking. True enough. Thrift and savings are essential to capitalism, but so is daring investment. The gambler's hard challenge of fate is different from the investor's bet on the future. Still, the gambler and the man who "plays" the stock market have certain things in common: a desire to make money without working for it in the ordinary sense, and a desire to reach be-

yond the monotony of life by deliberately embracing the unpredictable. Some see gambling as a cosmic, even a spiritual principle: "I think luck as well as freedom must be counted in the salvation of man as well as in the fall," says Albert Hammond, former philosophy professor at Johns Hopkins. "I believe that luck should be counted in the story of Jesus. God may have known he had a good bet, but he had to wait for the finish."

To Legalize or Not

Most Christian ministers would scarcely put it that way but, in general, churchly condemnation of gambling seems to be softening. While the Methodists' latest "Disciplines" states that gambling accentuates the desire "to acquire wealth without honest labor [and] encourages a primitive, fatalistic faith in chance," California's Bishop Gerald Kennedy says of his fellow ministers: "The boys today don't particularly make an issue of it." As for the Catholic Church, it has always held that gambling itself is neutral, that it becomes evil only when it involves excess, damage to one's family or connection with crime. Boston's Cardinal Cardinal Cushing says that if Massachusetts passes a lottery bill, he will be the first to buy a ticket.

Existing gambling laws are a mass of contradictions. While banning most forms of gambling 29 states permit horse racing—but not off-track betting. Some states forbid betting on flat racing, which is presumably wicked, but allow betting on harness races—which are presumably a wholesome, rustic diversion. The California legislature puts on its best poker face and allows betting in draw-poker parlors because it is a "game of skill." In Virginia, the statutes spell out that h-i-n-g-o is forbidden. So the churches and fire stations spell it b-e-a-n-o, or b-u-n-g-o, or l-o-d-t-o, and go right on playing.

Many law-enforcement officials favor legalization of gambling. Their chief arguments: 1) people gamble anyway, so why not regulate the action and bring in revenue for the state rather than for mobsters; 2) legal control is the only way to keep out criminals. The counter-arguments are that 1) even controlled gambling will lead many people into the habit who would not otherwise get hooked; 2) lotteries in particular are played mostly by lower-income families and thus constitute an unjust tax on the poor; 3) in places like Nevada, where gambling is legal, criminal elements have certainly not faded away. Virgil Peterson, director of the Chicago crime commission, argues that the underworld inevitably gains a foothold under any licensing system by organizing legal "fronts" and establishing rival illegal operations that place the state-operated venture at a disadvantage.

It does not have to be that way. In many parts of the world, gambling is legalized and largely free of criminal elements. State-run lotteries, which support everything from opera to cancer research, exist in 84 countries. While there have been fears recently that U.S. mobsters have infiltrated some of the thriving casinos in London, most of England's 1,000 licensed gaming houses are fairly clean operations where, as one director says, "Dad and the family can have a bit of a flutter for a fiver." In short, it seems better to establish some forms of government-controlled gambling and try to stave off the racketeers than to let them proliferate underground. The issue, however, goes beyond combating crime. Life is filled with all kinds of habits that can grow problematic or dangerous, from liquor and sex to the carrying of firearms and the borrowing of money. In all these fields, subject to some controls, Americans are presumed mature enough to make their own decisions. Is gambling so much more perilous that people must be totally shielded from its seductive power? Within reason, Americans ought to be trusted with an opportunity to choose freely whether they want to gamble or not.

Some believe that, as American life gets fuller, the lure of gambling will diminish. People will find such challenge in their jobs, their families, their sports and their travels (so goes the argument) that it will not be necessary to resort to the artificial excitement of gambling, and that strange and beguiling itch will disappear. But don't bet on it.

THE WORLD

AFRICA

One Down, One to Go

One of Africa's new rebellions ended with a fizzle last week while the other showed signs of stubborn persistence and could go on for weeks.

• **THE CONGO.** The revolt against the Congolese government of General Joseph Mobutu by white mercenaries whom Mobutu himself had hired turned out to be largely a hit-and-run affair. Some 180 mercenaries of French Colonel "Bob" Denard's 6th Commandos, supported by Katangese soldiers of the Congo army, moved into six towns, the most important being Bukavu and Kisangani. After several brief clashes with Mobutu's advancing regulars, the mercenaries last week commandeered 27 trucks and retreated toward the safety of interior Puna, halfway between Bukavu and Kisangani. Another mercenary, Major Jean Schramm, is in control there, and can help the rebels escape to Angola or Rhodesia.

Just why Denard's men revolted against Mobutu is far from clear. The kidnapping of former Premier Moïse Tshombe, whom many of the mercenaries had once served, was perhaps one motive. More likely, the mercenaries, who had not been paid for a while, suspected that Mobutu was about to send them packing. So they decided to take something with them. If that theory is correct, the rebels did not do badly. The two days in which they

held the town of Bukavu enabled them to pillage the local bank of several million dollars' worth of zaires, Mobutu's newly created currency for use in the Congo.

• **NIGERIA.** Far more serious, and likely to last far longer, is the battle between the Nigerian Federal Government of Major General Yakubu Gowon and the energetic Ibos of Eastern Nigeria, led by Lieut. Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu, who declared their independence two months ago and proclaimed the Republic of Biafra. Since federal troops attacked the dissidents two weeks ago, both sides have tried to keep foreign observers out of the battle zones, enabling each to report glowing daily accounts of success in the fighting.

"We'll try to wrap it up by Christmas," said a federal officer, conceding that the "police action," as Lagos refers to its battle against the secessionists, may be a prolonged affair. Meanwhile Gowon's troops seemed to be making slow but steady progress in pushing the Ibos back into their own territory.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Versatile Enemy

Communist forces in Viet Nam are not only better equipped than ever, but are using their men and arms with increasing versatility. Last week, in the course of a few days, they proved just how effective their range of tactics can

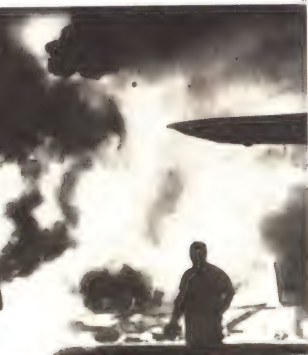
be. In two cunningly prepared ambushes, they killed 69 Americans in the Central Highlands. In a rocket onslaught on the huge air base at Danang, they killed eight men and did about \$80 million worth of damage to U.S. planes. And, in a guerrilla-style raid that they have honed to near perfection, they swarmed over the provincial prison camp in Quang Nam province and released 1,220 prisoners, most of them Viet Cong suspects.

60,000 Garbage Cans. Just after midnight, the rockets began falling on Danang from the hills northwest and southwest of the base, the citadel of the U.S. Marines in Viet Nam and a major launching pad for the air war on the Communist North. In scarcely more than five minutes, the Communists fired at least 50 122-mm. rockets, dropping them among the parked planes with pinpoint accuracy. Several Air Force 4-FC Phantoms and Marine F-8 fighter-bombers, caught fully fueled and with their bomb racks loaded, were blown high into the air by the explosions. One rocket crashed into an ammo dump, exploding the 500- and 750-lb. bombs in a giant fireball that was visible many miles away. Five base firemen were killed when a bomb went off on a burning Phantom.

Several rockets crashed into the barracks area, destroying three buildings. "You could hear the shrapnel hitting the roof," said an airman. "Then one landed on the barracks next to us like 60,000 garbage cans hitting the floor." When the sun rose, aircraft and barracks were still smoldering. Two big craters pocked the west runway, and the east runway was scattered with debris from wrecked aircraft. In all, eleven planes—Phantoms, Crusaders and C-130 transports—were destroyed and 31 damaged. Besides the dead, 173 people were wounded.

Just a few minutes earlier and 20 miles to the south, Viet Cong platoons had blasted their way into the Quang Nam jail with satchel charges. They killed the superintendent and wounded five of his men before fading back into the jungle with the freed prisoners, of whom 190 were later recaptured. While launching their attacks at main targets, the Communists did not neglect their campaign of terror and harassment against South Vietnamese villages and hamlets. A Viet Cong force overran the coastal hamlet of Guan Co, also near Danang, just before dawn, inflicted heavy casualties on the little Vietnamese militia post guarding the town and burned down 44 dwellings.

Bare Hands. The resurgence of fighting in the mist-shrouded Highlands came after a company of the 173rd Airborne Brigade made contact with North Vietnamese regulars who had been waiting in sanctuaries across the border in Cambodia. When the Americans



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brushed into a small knot of the Communist forces, they pursued their quarry up a muddy hillside in the jungle near Dak Tu, seven miles from where the frontiers of Cambodia, Laos and South Viet Nam meet. The U.S. troops were led right into a torrent of machine-gun fire from 30 sandbagged bunkers atop the slope. By the time the shooting ended, 25 Americans had been killed and 35 wounded. Other Americans took the hill unopposed the next day, found nine Communist dead.

About 1,000 Communists swarmed just as suddenly over a company of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division near the Ia Drang Valley 40 miles to the south. The fight began after a cluster of NVA troops deceived the Americans into a trap two miles from the Cambodian border. The North Vietnamese concentrated on one platoon at a time and succeeded in cutting off each in succession. The American company commander fell in the first minutes of the battle. The fighting was at such close quarters that one U.S. squad leader strangled a Communist soldier with his bare hands and plunged his bowie knife into the chest of another. In all, 44 Americans were killed and 27 wounded; the North Vietnamese lost an estimated 156 men.

The North Vietnamese are also using ambushes, in conjunction with skillful conventional artillery fire, on the plain just below the DMZ. After digging in with their guns, they lie in wait for the Marines they know must eventually come to try to root them out; that is how the leathernecks ran into the bloody ambush just north of their base at Con Thien three weeks ago. By burying some of their guns in deep holes and caves and moving others from place to place, the North Vietnamese have kept the Marines under continual pressure. Last week they took some heavy pounding themselves. After two months in which they stayed away from the DMZ, largely because of SAM missiles entrenched there, the Air Force's big eight-engined B-52s returned to pound Communist installations in the northern half of the zone.

Death by Starlight

In most of South Viet Nam, the night still belongs to the Viet Cong. Under cover of darkness, they infiltrate men down the mountain trails from Laos and North Viet Nam, move supplies, farm their paddies, build their bunkers, position their troops, and launch many of their attacks. During the day, they generally disappear, sleeping and hiding beneath thick jungle canopies, taking refuge in hillside caves or melting back into the "peaceful" civilian population. The U.S. has long tried to interdict the Communists' nighttime movements by regularly shelling and bombing trails and camps where their presence was suspected. Now it has launched a new operation that is more precise and sophisticated in its nighttime harassment of the V.C.

"In We Go." The operation is carried out by "night hunters," teams of helicopters equipped with a new sniper's scope, called a Starlight, that can see in the dark and cannot be deceived by the enemy. Unlike the older infrared scope, which sought the enemy by heat detection but gave off a detectable beam of light, the new scope amplifies light from the stars or the moon, making its targets appear as pale white images on the scope's green, radarlike screen.

Two choppers go up on each mission—one carrying two Starlight snipers or spotters and the other loaded with rockets or miniguns. "We'll get an intelligence report that the Cong are likely to bring some goods down one

Vietnamese province chief and kept under strict dusk-to-dawn curfew. The U.S. forces also drop leaflets warning the people that anything moving outside of their village after dark will be fired upon.

Sometimes, the night hunters score a big kill. During Operation Junction City last March, they demolished a convoy of ox carts carrying weapons and supplies and killed 50 Viet Cong. But the night run is more often a modest operation that catches smaller groups of Viet Cong at meetings or trudging along trails. Through such harassment, the Starlight snipers hope to cut V.C. troop and supply movements at night, and deny the Communists what has been virtually a nighttime sanctuary.



HUSSEIN, BOUMEDIENE & NASSER IN CAIRO
Dangerous to coo too loudly among the hawks.

of their supply routes," says the 1st Infantry Division's Sergeant Leonard Knipe. "So we go after them, zipping up and down the trail with our lights off, both scope men studying every inch of ground below us, as though it were day. As soon as we see something, the lead chopper informs the other ship, we wheel around, and in we go."

On a recent typical night-hunter run for the 1st Infantry Division, the lead chopper spotted a small group of Viet Cong on a heavily wooded hillside in Binh Dinh province, halfway down the coast of South Viet Nam. Before the V.C. could flee, it unleashed a stream of yellow and red tracer shells into their midst. A moment later, the second chopper, zeroing in on the tracers, sent a deadly volley of rockets thundering into the same spot.

Anything That Moves. Many U.S. helicopter units in Viet Nam are already equipped with the scope, and many of them fly four to seven missions a week. To avoid hitting innocent civilians, most missions are carried out in "free-fire zones" designated by the

MIDDLE EAST

Skirmishes & Minisummits

Everywhere I arrived, I found men expecting me to supply them with the means to start the war all over again as soon as possible. Everywhere I left, I left men whom I had quieted down. And everywhere we will keep our hands on the key to the arms that we are giving them.

Soviet Premier Nikolai Podgorny confided this assessment of his recent mission to the Arab countries to a visiting French diplomat in Moscow. Despite the Russian hand on the key, there were daily skirmishes last week between Egyptian and Israeli forces stationed along the Suez Canal. Egyptian artillery shelled Israeli positions on the east bank. The Israelis replied with withering rocket and cannon fire, finally sent in jets to strafe Egyptian artillery positions. They also sank two Soviet-made torpedo boats off the Gaza coast. As the week ended, the two sides were lobbing shells and bombs at each other across the canal in the heaviest battle

since the U.N. imposed a cease-fire on June 10. In the air over Suez, the Israelis downed seven Egyptian planes, conceded one loss themselves. On the ground, scores of Israeli and Egyptian soldiers were killed or wounded in the artillery barrages. And, for the first time since the cease-fire, scattered shooting broke out across the Israeli-Jordanian line.

The U.N., which won approval from both Egypt and Israel to station truce observers along the canal, hopes that the situation will cool off at Suez when the observers take up their posts this week, though the Israelis believe that the observers are likely to be ineffectual. The truce teams, which will be composed mainly of Finnish and Swedish officers, will eventually number about 30 men to cover the 107-mile front at Suez. U.N. truce observers have been patrolling the cease-fire line in the Golan Heights 40 miles south of Damascus for the past six weeks.

Horrifying Thing. For the first time since the war began, a sizable number of Arab leaders met last week in a series of whirling minisummits to discuss "nullifying the effects of Zionist aggression." First, Algerian President Houari Boumediene flew into Cairo and excited Cairo crowds with a shrill cry for an immediate resumption of the war with Israel. He was shortly joined in Cairo by Jordan's King Hussein, who privately pleaded for some sort of accommodation with Israel—but got nowhere with his fellow Arabs. After he flew home to Amman, the leaders of the Arab left all converged on Cairo: Syria's Nouruddin Attassi, Iraqi Strongman Abdel Arel and Sudanese President Ismail el Azhari joined Nasser and Boumediene for two days of non-stop talks in ornate Kubbah Palace.

Among such irrational hawks as Arel and Boumediene, Nasser sounded almost like a dove. He counseled against a renewal of fighting with Israel, the skirmishing at Suez notwithstanding, until the Arabs were rearmend and united—a condition that is not imminent. Nasser realizes, however, that he cannot soothe too loudly without running the danger of being brushed aside as leader of the Arab left by someone like Boumediene. Even the most hawkish leader at the Cairo conference must have known deep down a horrifying thing: that if full-scale fighting broke out again, the Israeli army could undoubtedly occupy Cairo, Amman and Damascus within 48 hours. There would be practically nothing the weakened Arabs could do about it.

Shrewd Move. Nor did there seem to be much that the Arabs or their friends in the U.N. could do for now about Israel's territorial gains, even though Israel may eventually have to give most of them up. The General Assembly at week's end voted another demand that Israel revoke its annexation of Jerusalem's Old City, but the Israelis seemed unmoved. They shrewd-

ly tried to take the edge off the issue by seeking Vatican approval for an Israeli plan to place the Christian holy places in the Old City under independent religious control, perhaps by some nonpolitical body such as the Knights of Malta, which was founded shortly before the First Crusade to free Jerusalem from the Moslems. The Israelis also intend to offer extraterritorial rights to the Moslem shrines in Jerusalem, though at this stage the Arabs are unwilling even to contemplate such a solution. If Israel insists on keeping Old Jerusalem, they claim, the Arab war against Israel will become a holy war of all Islam and its 465 million people.

China. Across the white demarcation line that splits the main street of the small fishing village of Shataukok into Chinese and British halves stormed 300 or more Communist demonstrators. Chanting Mao slogans and waving copies of the Little Red Book of his sayings, they began pelting the local police station with stones.

The police fired tear gas and wooden slings to chase them away. Then a light machine gun suddenly sputtered from across the Red Chinese border. In the hail of bullets, five Hong Kong police died and twelve were wounded.

The British quickly rushed a battalion of Gurkha troops to the scene. The

Reds at first sniped at the Gurkhas, then held their fire when the Gurkha refused to fire back. An uneasy calm descended on the area, but it was the first time since the Communists came to power in China 18 years ago that British and Chinese troops faced each other in an armed confrontation.

The incident inflamed Hong Kong's many Peking-oriented residents, who had been waiting for an excuse for new violence. The colony's Communist-controlled transportation union hoped to paralyze Hong Kong's vital ferry and bus lines. Despite the strike call, many drivers took out buses. Dozens of Communist mobs, composed of anywhere from 40 to 1,000 young toughs and armed with wickedly sharpened cargo hooks, stilts and stones, terrorized the colony's teeming Chinese districts. They smashed windows, set scores of fires, broke traffic lights and

tossed bottles of acid at the hard-pressed police. But the defiant busmen got the worst treatment: the mobs attacked drivers and passengers, burned ten buses in a single day and reduced the island's transportation system to one gigantic traffic snarl.

Water Shortage. The colony's British rulers, who throughout the crisis have maintained a stiff upper lip, decided to crack down. Said Acting British Colonial Secretary D. R. Holmes: "The time has come to grasp and retain the initiative in this contest." Hong Kong's superbly disciplined police got permission to unlimber their shotguns. The Communist mobs retreated under volleys of pellets, and police collared 245 hard-core rioters. While British troops in full battle dress stood guard, Hong Kong police stormed into the previously inviolate Communist union headquarters and schools, carted off barrels of riot weapons—steel-tipped spears, acid-filled water pistols and baskets of empty bottles—and arrested Red leaders.

The British fear that full-scale riot-



GURKHA AT RED CHINESE BORDER

Any excuse will do.

HONG KONG

The Bell for Round 2

The neon sign that tops the 16-story New China Products Department Store in the crowded "Suzy Wong" district of Hong Kong was behaving very erratically last week. Sometimes it shone brightly in advertisement of its wares—and at just such times mobs of Communists surged through the streets in a destructive frenzy. At other times, the sign went dark, and the crowds knew that the police were coming. The sign was just one device used by the Communists to signal their followers when the coast was clear and when to watch for the cops during the worst week of rioting since the crown colony's troubles began in mid-May.

First Confrontation. Last week's riots began on a more ominous note than the first round of riots in May, which grew out of local labor disputes. The hell for Round 2 sounded at the border between Hong Kong and its overpowering neighbor, Communist



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SAM MISSILE AT CAPTURED EGYPTIAN BASE IN SINAI
Rare demonstration, new direction.

ing may erupt again at any moment. Moreover, Hong Kong is suffering a severe water shortage because Red China, which normally supplies most of the colony's needs, has turned off the tap. As the week began, Hong Kong had only a 64-day supply left, went on an emergency rationing system whereby the water is turned on for only four hours every day. At week's end, however, the British received a measure of relief. A pouring rain cleared the rioters from the streets and added to the colony's depleted reservoirs 2 billion gallons of water, enough for another 30 days.

RUSSIA

Weapons on Display: Voluntary & Involuntary

In the sky above Moscow, flights of Soviet jets in tight formation spelled out the word Lenin and the arabic numeral 50 to mark the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. As Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksis Kosygin looked on from an airport on the city's outskirts, the Soviet military last week put on a rare demonstration of new military aircraft: the last such display was six years ago. To Western observers, the Moscow show also spelled out something else: a new direction in Soviet airpower.

In the past, the Russians concentrated on long-range strategic bombers and fast-climbing interceptors. Now they have developed more flexible aircraft that are suited for non-nuclear dustups in such rugged places as Viet Nam and the Middle East. In the process, the Soviets appear to have overtaken the West in building aircraft that can take off and land vertically and adjust their wings for slow or supersonic flight.

On display was a new fighter that rose vertically from the field like a helicopter, for about 150 feet, then darted off in near-supersonic flight; in the West, only the French Mirage III-V

and the British P.1127 have a comparable performance. The Russians also showed off a new swing-wing fighter, similar in design to the controversial U.S. F-111 (originally known as the TF-X), that was designed to operate from rough, short runways. All the new fighter-bombers in the flyby were equipped with auxiliary engines for quick take-offs from short, unsurfaced fields.

Sinai SAM. The Moscow show provided Western experts with just a glimpse of new Soviet weaponry. A more leisurely look has recently been made possible through the courtesy of the Israelis, who captured tons of the latest Soviet equipment from the fleeing Egyptians. At bases in the Sinai and in Israel, the Israelis have been showing off some of the weaponry to Western technicians and, on at least one occasion, even lending it out. The U.S. sent transport planes to Israel to pick up three captured MIG-21s, the Soviet Union's best fighters. Two MIG-21s, the first ever to fall into U.S. hands, are being test-flown at Edwards Air Force Base in California. The third is being evaluated in laboratories at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. Since MIG-21s sometimes challenge U.S. pilots over North Viet Nam, the Air Force hopes to learn things that will be useful in the air war there.

An even more serious loss for the Russians was the half-dozen SAM ground-to-air missiles that, along with their computers, guidance equipment and fueling systems, fell into Israeli hands at an Egyptian base near the Suez Canal. Though the U.S. has already deduced a great deal about SAM's capabilities (it can fly at 2,600 m.p.h. and reach 60,000 feet) and limitations (it cannot execute sharp turns) from intelligence reports and from its performance in North Viet Nam, close study of the Sinai SAMs will give scientists invaluable information. Israel has already passed on to the U.S. some



VERTICAL TAKE-OFF FIGHTER



SOVIET SWING-WING

of its data about the captured SAMs.

An examination of the SAMs will reveal a great deal not only about Soviet weaponry but also about the precise state of Soviet electronic engineering and manufacturing techniques, both intimately involved in the Soviet space effort. Moreover, a study of the SAMs should enable U.S. ordnance experts to devise countermeasures to jam the guidance instructions that SAMs receive from ground radar stations. Since the Soviet Union's air-defense system from the Urals to the Pacific is built around SAMs, there is certain to be some brooding among Soviet defense chiefs about what to do now that the equipment has been compromised. Some Western military men believe that the Russians may feel compelled to replace SAMs with other missiles, or at least carry out extensive modifications of them.

Night Eyes. The Israelis also reaped a harvest of more conventional armaments that are particularly interesting to U.S. experts because increasing quantities of new Soviet infantry and artillery weapons are turning up in Viet Nam. One captured artillery piece is so new that it has not yet been shown in a Moscow May Day parade. It is a 130-mm. M-63 rifle that can fire six 70-lb. shells per minute on a deadly flat trajectory at targets as distant as 17 miles. This is the gun, the U.S. believes, that is shelling Marine emplacements along the DMZ with such shattering effectiveness.

Also captured were a number of the latest-model Soviet medium tank, the T-55, outfitted with infra-red gun sights for night warfare and an inertial-guidance system for keeping on course in the trackless desert. Another find: an antitank missile called the *Shmel* (Russian for "bumblebee") that is fired from

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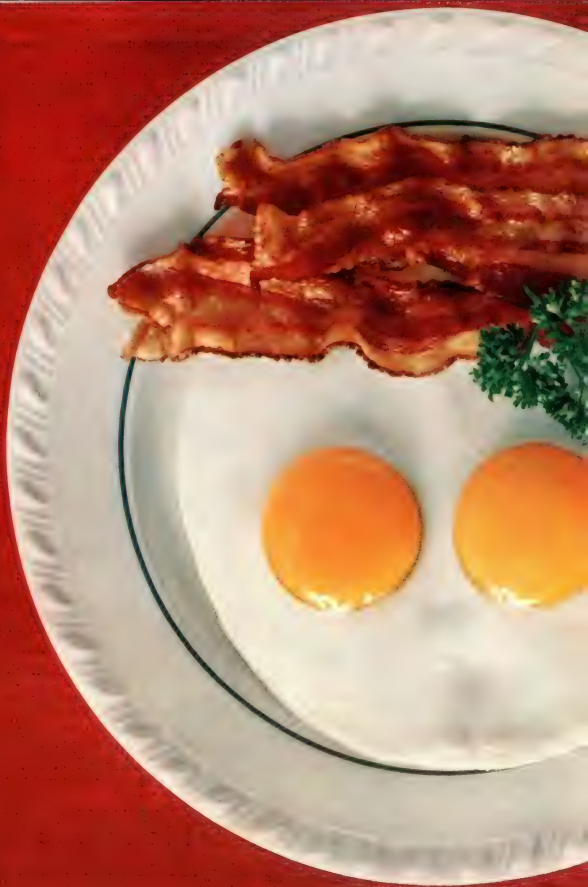
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a Jeep-type vehicle, is guided by a wire umbilical cord for up to 14 miles, and carries a high-explosive punch so powerful that it can blow up any tank in existence. Only one Israeli tank was destroyed during the war by a *Shmel*, but the Israelis believe that had the Egyptians been more competent, the missile would have done much more damage.

The Israeli booty and the Moscow show point to one blunt conclusion: while continuing to increase their fleet of nuclear-tipped intercontinental missiles and starting the construction of a costly antimissile defense system, the Soviets are also pressing ahead with a broad range of planes and weapons for every aspect of conventional war.

COMMUNISTS

Protesting the Fig Leaf

Russia's intellectuals—and many of their colleagues in Eastern Europe—are squirming more restlessly than ever under the weight of Communist orthodoxy, but they see a subtle opportunity to lessen the burden in 1967. Because it is the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, they figure that Communist authorities will take pains to avoid an open clash with the intellectual community, and may even be moved to lift some restrictions on their freedom. Whether or not their hunch is right, the intellectuals have been making some unusually outspoken protests against repressive government policies, particularly in literature and the theater.

A growing number of Communist literary critics are pointing out publicly that the trouble with literature in their countries is not dearth of talent but too much party censorship. Most of them agree with Russian Poet Andrei Voznesensky that the people now want, and are ready for, "the naked truth, and not truth concealed beneath the fig leaf of censorship." Last week two critics were rebuked for writing in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Communist Youth League newspaper, that Soviet theater censors seem to find anathema every play that offers "a serious answer to the serious problems of life."

The critics, Fedor Burlatsky and Lev Karpinsky, had condemned Russian theater censors as "incompetent meddlers" who are afraid of "a fresh and sharp idea or an unexpected treatment of a subject." They deplored the habit of cultural commissars' dropping casually in on rehearsals of a new play and then later banning its opening, criticized the censors' prim hostility to such themes as religion. Frightened by the uproar the article caused among the young Communists, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last week ran an editorial condemning not only the two critics but also its own editors for spreading "gross ideological error."

Clandestine Journals. Mindful of the purges of the past, most Russian authors don their own fig leaf and pre-

sor their works before submitting them to the state-owned publishing houses. The more courageous writers have been smuggling their works out to the West, or publishing them in a growing number of crudely printed journals that circulate *sub rosa* and have an avid readership. Young Leningrad and Moscow writers organized a semiserious association called SMOG (an acronym for youth, courage, image and depth). They not only contribute to such clandestine publications as *Phoenix*, *Sphinx*, *Kolokol* (Bell) and *Tetrad* (Notebooks), but have secretly published whole works, among them Alexander Urusov's tale of labor camp horrors entitled "The Cry of Far Away Ants." These underground publications also bring the work of such officially disgraced writers as the imprisoned Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel to Russian readers. They rarely get to publish for more than a few issues before their source is discovered and suppressed, and their editors arrested.

Arrests are less frequent than they used to be for ideological transgressions, but Russian writers are well aware that they are still at the mercy of the Soviet bureaucracy. At the Fourth Congress of the Soviet Writers' Union last May, Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*) circulated a statement charging that there were "more than 600 writers whom the Writers' Union obediently handed over to their fate in prisons and camps." Solzhenitsyn's letter was a daring diatribe against censorship that accused the censors of making Russian literature "something infinitely poorer, flatter and lower than it actually is." It was signed by 82 of the 500 delegates to the Congress and smuggled out to be published in the West, but no one was defiant enough to ask that it be read aloud during the proceedings.



SMOG VERSION OF URUSOV'S "ANTS"

Courage to cultivate *sub rosa*.

End of Patience. The wave of protests in the U.S.S.R. also encourages rebellion in fellow Communist nations of Eastern Europe. Doubtless encouraged by Solzhenitsyn, Polish writers at their recent congress passed a resolution demanding that the censors fully explain every deletion in the future. Earlier this month, delegates to the Czechoslovak Writers' Union Congress were so stormy in their demands that the Politburo member assigned as the writers' watchdog, Jiří Hendrych, rose and sputtered: "I have finally reached the end of my patience with you people." Later Hendrych stomped out when all the delegates endorsed Solzhenitsyn's stand and resolved that they would never again allow their work to serve a strictly "propagandistic function."

None of this amounts to open revolt. Czech writers, whatever their new independence, are powerless to save from an almost certain prison sentence their colleague Jan Beneš, who was on trial last week in Prague for smuggling his manuscripts abroad. Yet the rising tide of protest seems to be achieving a degree of success. There is speculation that Soviet censors may soon release for publication Solzhenitsyn's *The Cancer Ward*, a novel about Stalin's secret police that has been smothered in recent years for ideological reasons. Some prominent Russian writers are even predicting that the regime may soon go so far as to abolish all censorship except for that imposed on grounds of military security.

EASTERN EUROPE

How to Make Money

Some of the most atrocious forgeries in the long history of the U.S. dollar are circulating today in Eastern Europe. The bills are so badly rendered that Warsaw's daily *Zycie Warszawy* recently felt obliged to chide the forgers. "It must be admitted with shame," the paper said, "that in Poland forgery is attempted by slackers, by people devoid of professional pride who let loose on the world shoddy goods rather than self-respecting forgeries."

Eastern Europeans love to acquire dollars as inflation hedges and status symbols, but few of them are familiar enough with U.S. currency to spot the fakes. So forgers are indulging in such crudities as adding a zero to single-dollar bills to make them tens, and changing other bills into century notes. They even peddle U.S. currency in brown, blue and beige. In Yugoslavia, a batch of grey hundred-dollar bills printed up for a movie were soon fetching \$120 worth of dinars on the black market. Another Eastern European buck passer got away with putting some pink "play money" into circulation.

Since the Eastern Europeans often stash their dollars away, it may take them years to discover that they are the owners of fakes. If they do make the discovery, there is nothing much

they can do about it: since acquiring dollars is illegal except through government channels at artificial exchange rates, the man who admits to having a forgery would have to answer a lot of awkward questions.

FRANCE

Vulnerable Emperor

The French are beginning to call him *le Vieux*—the Old One. At 76, Charles de Gaulle moves a little ponderously. But *le Vieux* relies as much to political vulnerability as it does to venerability. During the Middle Eastern crisis, De Gaulle was exposed as an emperor without clothes. Suddenly it turned out to be unimportant for any-

to the Communist nations and thus cause them to reconsolidate their bloc, harden their line, and heat up the cold war all over again. Other council members scoffed at the idea, just as, in private, they more and more scoff at the capricious positions of De Gaulle. Said Belgium's Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel: "The European Economic Community is a living organism. You cannot restrict its growth without killing it."

One Consolation. De Gaulle's blackball of the British came while he was visiting the West German capital of Bonn for the semiannual talks on the Franco-West German pact signed in 1963. He was greeted by Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger, who was somewhat ex-

and Minister of State Pierre Billotte particularly deplored French policy during the crisis; so did Gaullist Coalition Partner Giscard d'Estaing, leader of the independent Republican Party. The Catholic newspaper *Figaro* attacked France's recent pro-Soviet votes in the United Nations. "Where does De Gaulle want to take us?" asked the front-page editorial. "By what roads? And why this leap in the dark?"

The Treatment. De Gaulle still has tremendous presence. If he did not change Kiesinger's mind on the critical issues, he did move the German Chancellor to exclaim: "Whether you agree with him or not, what a man!" Next week Canada will be exposed to the treatment. On a five-day visit, the general will float grandly up the Saint Lawrence River on the French cruiser *Colbert*, motor from Quebec to Montreal, greeting thousands of French Canadians along the way, then look over Expo 67. Only afterward, despite the Canadian governments entreaties, will he condescend to touch down at the English-speaking capital of Ottawa.

THE CARIBBEAN

Mine Eyes Have Seen . . .

"If Great Britain continues to ignore us," said President Peter Adams, "we will seek alliances with other nations in the hemisphere." This troubled warning came last week from the leader of Anguilla, a 35-sq.-mi. West Indies isle, which is having some trouble making a suitable political connection. Anguilla has other difficulties: it attracts no tourists, has no natural resources or industry, lacks water and supports its population chiefly from fishing, smuggling and money sent home by Anguillians working elsewhere.

Anguilla broke its ties with St. Kitts and Nevis two months ago, chased the federation's 15-man police force off the island and declared its independence. Last week the provisional government, headed by Adams, made it more official. In a "national" referendum among Anguilla's 2,500 eligible voters, 1,813 islanders voted for independence; only five opposed it.

As a member of the British Commonwealth, St. Kitts and Nevis want Britain to intervene and restore Anguilla to the federation, but Britain claims that the situation is a problem of "internal security and not a responsibility of Her Majesty's Government." As for Anguilla itself, the provisional government wants to "explore with Britain the legal arrangements that might be appropriate for the future"—meaning, presumably, a return to the Commonwealth as an independent state. At week's end, Adams flew to New York on a fund-raising mission and announced that he even hopes to confer with President Johnson in Washington. One further hint of the island's thinking: its new national anthem has been set to the tune of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.



KIESINGER GREETING DE GAULLE IN BONN

Unimportant to take the advice, or even listen politely.

body to take his advice, or even listen politely. His condemnation of Israel has left much of French public opinion outraged and many in his own party dissatisfied. Last week, by putting more barriers in the way of British entry into the Common Market, De Gaulle further alienated his European allies, who feel that Britain belongs in.

Le Vieux argued that Britain's membership would create "an Atlantic situation," or a Market "under U.S. predominance." He said that the renewed application of the British should be rejected until they become more European in their outlook and policies, "until they are more like we are." Despite these imperious words, West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt succeeded in bringing the issue of British membership before the Market's Council of Ministers in Brussels. There French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville produced the novel argument that an enlarged Market might seem threatening

asperated because his French ally had gone off on his own during the Middle East crisis and ignored him while consulting Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. De Gaulle explained that his policy was to assure that at least one Western nation (his own) would remain on friendly terms with the Arabs. He also told Kiesinger about his feeling that Russia is now an inward-looking, sluggish bear and that the real threat to world peace these days comes from U.S. attempts to police the world. De Gaulle had, though, one consolation for Americans: "I feel neither aversion nor hostility toward the U.S."

De Gaulle's increasingly autocratic attitude goes down badly in the French National Assembly, where the Gaullists have a slim majority that barely managed to hold together until the summer adjournment this month. Politicians of every party, except the Communists, protested De Gaulle's condemnation of Israel. Defense Minister Pierre Messmer



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PEOPLE

"There's something in you that craves expression, and it must come out," said Illinois Republican Senator **Everett Dirksen**, 71, explaining his late blooming career as a Capitol Records star. The Senator's first two LP exercises in throbbing recitative, *Gullant Men* and *Man Is Not Alone*, have sold 600,000 copies, and he has now finished cutting a third, in which he intones such golden oldies as *A Visit from St. Nicholas* and *Silent Night* while a 22-man orchestra and ten-man choir make moan in the background. As for that craving, it often finds outlet in his campaign to make the marigold the national flower, though Ev confessed that he had been nursing his thespian urgings for years, had in fact decided on a stage career when he was just a tad but "my mother wouldn't let me."

With a flick of one suety hip, the most sensational new *basquetbolista* in the hemisphere feinted his opponent out of his socks and drove in for the layup. Yes, fans, **Fidel Castro**, 39, has decided to add basketball to a list of athletic achievements that already includes a lifetime baseball batting average of 1,000. *El Artillero* (The Gunner, as he is called by any Havana paper with its wits about it) drilled in 40 points in his first try at *basquetbol*, graciously let it be known afterward that 1) no overall score was kept, and 2) his team won by seven points.

The maitre d' at San Francisco's Trader Vic's restaurant was about to shut down for the night when somebody came up and said: "There's a little girl



DIRKSEN AMONG THE MARIGOLDS
A visit from St. Nicholas.

outside asking for something to eat." It was a pretty cute surprise when he went out and found British Prima Ballerina **Margot Fonteyn**, 48, along with Partner **Rudolf Nureyev**, 28, and seven friends, all clamoring for some rum and Chinese goodies after a performance of the touring Royal Ballet. Two hours later, the merry-makers danced off into the night—and now it was the San Francisco police department's turn to be surprised. At 3 a.m. cops answered a call to turn off a noisy hippie party at a pad in Haight-Ashbury, chased the gang up to the rooftops, and beheld Rudi lying prone among the hippies on one roof, Dame Margot tucked away on an adjoining rooftop. That sort of ended the party, except for a trip to the station house, where Rudi screamed "You are all children!" as the photographers came swarming around—then back to work the next night, dancing *Paradise Lost*.

Despite vigorous denials by the Kennedy family, medical detectives have long suspected that **John F. Kennedy** suffered from Addison's disease, a gradual atrophy of the adrenal glands that in its milder stages can be contained by cortisone (which Kennedy took), but in more advanced cases can result in low resistance to infection, chronic backache and kidney failure. Now a University of Kansas pathologist, Dr. John Nichols, 46, has concluded in the *A.M.A. Journal* that Kennedy did have it, that an infection stemming from it almost killed him after his spinal operation in 1954. Nichols bases his conclusion on an article he came across in the November 1955 *Archives of Surgery*, in which J.F.K.'s surgeon, Dr. James A. Nicholas, describes his prep-

arations for an "Addisonian crisis" in an unnamed 37-year-old man who underwent spinal surgery at Manhattan's Hospital for Special Surgery on Oct. 21, 1954—the same day and the same hospital where 37-year-old John Kennedy underwent the same operation.

It started off as a name for Beatle George Harrison's hairdo, became a discotheque, and will now explode as a business empire. At least **Sybil Burton Christopher**, 38, major stockholder and drawing card of Manhattan's hon-ton discotheque Arthur, is making an Arthur franchise available to anyone with \$50,000 and a suitably overcrowded location. Sybil expects to have spawned seven to ten little Arthurs within a year, will supply suggestions for layout and décor, publicity and the presence of such celebrities as herself and Friend Roddy McDowall at openings. No "small towns" need apply. Would-be Arthurians in Asbury Park, N.J. (pop. 17,800), and Buffalo (pop. 481,453) have already been turned down.

A veritable "enemy of Greek tourism," concluded Greece's ever-watchful military dictatorship when they heard some of the things Actress **Melina Mercouri**, 41, star of Broadway's *Ilya Darling*, was saying about her homeland—like advising folks not to visit Greece until the soldiers go away. Therefore, Brigadier General Stylianos Patakas solemnly announced in Athens that the regime was stripping Melina of her Greek citizenship and all her property as well. "I was born a Greek and I will die a Greek," snorted Melina. "Patakas was born a fascist and will die a fascist. If he wants to make me a Joan of Arc, that is his privilege."



NUREYEV & FONTEYN IN "PARADISE LOST"
Night to remember.



MERCOURI IN "ILYA DARLING"
Enemy of the generals.

Painting "The Butcher Shop" by André Bauchant. Courtesy Findlay Galleries, New York.



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MEDICINE

SMOKING

The Strickman Filter

After eight years' work in his home laboratory, an obscure New Jersey chemist last week claimed a grand prize in cigarette research: a filter that removes two-thirds of the tar and nicotine that now drifts past conventional filters, yet does not destroy the tobacco taste. Robert L. Strickman, 56, had impressive backing for his discovery. With full fanfare, it was announced by Columbia University's president, Grayson Kirk, and Dr. H. Houston Merritt, dean of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Reason: Chemist Strickman gave Columbia the rights to the filter—a gift that may well bring the university millions in licensing fees.

Strickman remains tight-lipped about exactly how his filter works. Unwilling

ment with Columbia, which gives Strickman less than 10% of licensing revenues, the filter will be made available to any cigarette company, provided that the filtered smoke contains no more than 10 milligrams of tar (a cancer agent) per cigarette—a limit that some U.S. brands presently exceed, even in tests with the new filter. "This," says Dr. Cushman Haagensen, a top cancer researcher, "is an educated guess at the relative safety level."

Tests v. Caution. Before announcing the filter, Columbia had an independent commercial laboratory test its efficiency on eleven cigarette brands. The results: an average reduction of 68% in tar to 8 mg., and a cut of 67% in nicotine to .38 mg. The effect on Salems: an 87% cut in tar content from 21.5 mg. to 2.8 mg., and a cut in nicotine from 1.07 mg. to 0.11 mg. For Marvels (recently reported by leading cancer researchers to be the nation's sales cigarette): a cut in tars from 8.6 mg. to 3.7 mg., and in nicotine, from .25 mg. to .13 mg. In another test conducted on about 100 blindfolded smokers, reminiscent of some of the more vivid cigarette ads of a generation ago, three-quarters reported that the filter either had no effect on taste or improved it.

Last week's announcement sent cigarette stocks jumping, though immediate medical reaction was wary. Columbia will set up a special corporation to handle licensing arrangements (none has yet been made), and the possibilities are potent indeed. If all U.S. tobacco companies used the filter at a fee of a penny a pack, Columbia would get \$280 million a year. Whatever the revenue turns out to be, most of it, at Strickman's request, will go into medical education and cancer research.

The Columbia Choice

Columbia University had clearly precipitated itself into the midst of a medical-educational-ethical debate that could go on for years.

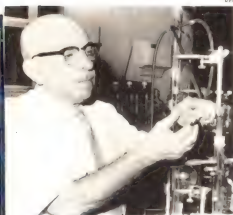
"Extraordinary sponsorship," said Dr. Ashbel C. Williams, president of the American Cancer Society, adding coolly that "we would welcome evidence on the biological effect of cigarettes with this new filter"—evidence that Strickman and Columbia might have been able to supply if they had held up their announcement for a few more months. One leading cancer researcher called it "downright peculiar" that Columbia had merely farmed out the filter experiments to a commercial laboratory—ignoring its own eminent medical researchers.

"One wishes the evidence would be presented scientifically," chided Dr. Ernest Wynder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. A Columbia-trained doctor complained that his alma mater had put "a safety tag on a lethal habit." Even the New York Daily News, generally against reformers and

do-gooders, labeled the Columbia press conference "giddy hoopla."

To some critics, it seemed that Columbia had acquired a stake in getting more Americans to smoke more cigarettes—filtered. Not that precedents are lacking: all over the U.S., education benefits directly and indirectly from state and federal tobacco (to say nothing of liquor) taxes. Many university endowments keep tobacco stocks in their portfolios, prizing their steady earnings. And one great American university was founded with tobacco money, from the fortune of James B. Duke.

Giving Up. All the same, Columbia's filter financing seemed to come at a somewhat inauspicious moment. Medical experts are convinced, as Surgeon General William Stewart of the U.S. Public Health Service puts it, that "the lower the tar and nicotine content, the lower the general health danger." But what disturbed critics of Columbia's sweeping announcement (Columbia's



INVENTOR STRICKMAN
Safers cigarettes...

to jeopardize his pending patent, he merely says the filter consists of a new type of partly crystalline, nontoxic polymer that works by "selective trapping," perhaps based on ion exchange and electrostatic action. He claims it costs little to produce, can be part of the cigarette or used in a cigarette holder.

Strickman came from Manhattan's Lower East Side, attended or audited courses at New York University and various other schools, was forced to quit during the Depression, and never earned a degree. Still, he carved himself a chemist's career, now holds pending patents on twelve inventions, and is president of Allied Testing and Research Laboratories in Hillsdale, N.J. Strickman began his search for an effective filter after his father, a heavy cigarette smoker, died of lung cancer. He first offered his discovery to several cigarette companies, but "I never got beyond the front door," probably because the companies are already overstocked with filter suggestions. He then turned to Columbia "because its medical school was the best in the world and I knew many people there." Under his agree-



SPONSORS KIRK & MERRITT
...or hastily hoopla?

press release called the filter "a development of far-reaching importance, which promises to benefit mankind" is the fact that tar and nicotine are not the only dangerous elements in cigarettes. Just the day before Strickman's filter was announced, H.W. Secretary John Gardner told Congress that one-third of all deaths among American men aged 35 to 60 are hastened by cigarette smoking. Quite apart from the cancer question, said Gardner, smoking is the most important cause of broncho-pulmonary disease, is linked to stomach ulcers and heart disease (in which the death rate is 70% higher for smokers). Many researchers argue that the carbon monoxide, aldehydes and phenols contained in cigarette smoke are also pernicious—and are not stopped by filters. Moreover, some tar and nicotine still get through the Strickman filter. According to Dr. Stewart, "full protection can only come through giving up cigarettes altogether or not taking up the habit in the first place."

Going Along. To be sure, there were some negative votes among Columbia's 24 trustees when the university polled

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them to see if they favored backing the filter. But the majority seems to agree with President Kirk's view: "Since people are going to smoke anyway, we feel they should have the safest cigarette possible." This was also one of Secretary Gardner's recommendations.

According to Strickman, Columbia has now begun a new series of complex studies of the filter's effect on the gases in tobacco smoke, though not on living tissue, and the results may be announced within a few weeks. When asked why the university did not wait for such studies, Strickman replied: "You can research from now to doomsday. But you have to start some place. Do you have any other filters that can do what this one does?"

OPHTHALMOLOGY

Icy Cure

Cryotherapy—literally, treatment by extreme cold—is particularly valuable in ophthalmology. It has already destroyed eye tumors, removed cataracts and sealed lesions in the retina. Now Dr. John Bellows of Northwestern University reports that it is highly effective in the treatment of a viral infection of the eye called herpetic keratitis.

The same virus that causes simple cold sores on the lip—herpesvirus—can also attack the surface of the eye; if unchecked, it can do damage that will scar the cornea, resulting in partial or complete blindness. The best treatment has hitherto proved successful in only 60% of cases, and the disease ranks as the commonest infection causing corneal scarring. Faced with cases that seemed beyond help, Dr. Bellows decided to try a cryoprobe chilled to a temperature of -65°C .

His method is so simple that, in most cases, it can be carried out under a local anesthetic in the doctor's office. The patient is told to fix his gaze on a distant object. Then, while his eyelid is held open, the icy tip of the pencil-size probe is applied to every part of the diseased section for seven seconds at a time. The area is thawed each time with a salt solution to unstick the probe and eye, which freeze together after the fashion of a finger on an ice tray. After the thaw, the entire procedure is repeated twice more. In early cases, the eye should regain its normal luster in four days, with little pain either during or after the treatment.

The severe freezing, hypothesizes Dr. Bellows, "causes disruption of the infected cells. These disrupted cells release a high concentration of interferon," a natural virus fighter. Most of the herpesvirus is killed outright by the cold, and the interferon is able to stop the spread of whatever remains, eventually allowing it all to be killed. "The response to cryotherapy is so uniformly satisfactory," says Dr. Bellows, "that in unresponsive cases the physician should question the diagnosis and re-examine the patient."

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THE LAW

WELFARE

Revolt of the Nonpersons

Faced with a Kafkaesque maze of shifting restrictions and all-powerful bureaucracies, the nation's 8,000,000 welfare recipients have tended to become what Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas calls "constitutional nonpersons." Since the 1935 Social Security Act established the U.S. welfare system, federal officials, state agencies, municipal departments and even individual welfare workers have set up a profusion of separate standards as to who should and should not get aid.

Now the nonpersons are waking up to the fact that in many circumstances welfare is a legal right, based on need and enforceable by due-process standards of law. The 1935 act essentially rejected the ancient "gratuity" concept of public assistance as a charitable hand-out given to the humbly grateful. And recently, in state and federal courts, decisions have begun to vindicate the rights of welfare beneficiaries.

Illegitimate Siblings. Restrictions are highly varied and often arbitrary. The reason is that although the Federal Government pays 58% of the welfare bills, it has allowed the states almost complete freedom in deciding aid eligibility. The 14th Amendment forbids unreasonable state discrimination against individuals. But not only have some states enacted unfair eligibility provisions; they have also administered their own valid rules unfairly.

In 1960, for example, Louisiana families with dependent children were cut off from aid if they lived in "unsuitable" homes, meaning those sheltering any illegitimate child. Off the rolls went

more than 23,000 children, most of them Negro and many of them legitimate half-brothers or -sisters of an illegitimate sibling. A federal ruling struck down that regulation, but other rules affecting children remain. Currently under attack is Georgia's "employable mothers" law, which allows counties to cut Negro mothers off the family-aid rolls whenever farmers need \$2.50-a-day crop pickers. In 21 states, grants may not exceed a stated maximum no matter how many children a family has. Excess children must live in other homes or go hungry.

Residency rules are just as stringent. Federal law allows states to require newcomers with dependent children to wait as long as one year to become eligible for U.S.-backed aid. States can also withhold the funds of their own welfare programs for as long as they choose. A South Dakota law can bar needy outsiders from ever collecting welfare; in Massachusetts they can be deported to their native states. All such requirements sit uneasily with the spirit of a 1941 Supreme Court decision voiding California's "anti-Okie" law and guaranteeing indigents free access to any state. And last month a three-judge federal court in Connecticut cited that case in throwing out the state's one-year-residency requirement. Connecticut will appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court—and the residency laws of some 40 other states will ride on the results.

HEW, Too. Another long-standing grievance is the practice of raiding homes of mothers on welfare to see whether there is a man around. If even a casual lover is flushed, he may be designated a "substitute father," which can disqualify the family for welfare aid.

The raids are conducted without search warrants or voluntary consent. Earlier this year, after Social Worker Benny Max Parrish refused to go on one, the California Supreme Court ruled that pre-dawn raids aimed at discovering a "man in the house" are unconstitutional. The California ruling may prompt challenges to such raids in other states. In Alabama a federal suit has been filed alleging that the substitute-father law is used primarily against Negroes, punishes children for a deserted mother's sex life and violates her right of privacy. And now, the Health, Education and Welfare Department has taken initial steps to limit the raids to normal hours, and then only with the recipient's permission.

Then there is the question of whether a welfare recipient may be jailed if he refuses to take an available job. The New York Court of Appeals recently said no in the case of Mose Pickett, 32, a jobless father of three who spurned state offers of a \$1.50-an-hour laborer's job because, he said, he was looking for a better job. He lost his welfare, and although he subsequently took a similar job, he got a 30-day jail sentence from the City Court of Niagara Falls. The court voided Pickett's conviction, implying that such a requirement verged on "involuntary servitude."

Behind this growing body of pre-recipient decisions is a band of concerned lawyers paid by the federal poverty program. The drive is also supported by such diverse groups as the American Bar Association, the NAACP, Legal Defense Fund and Columbia University's Center on Social Welfare Policy and Law. The lawyers' aim is to make sure that welfare workers and agencies obey the rule of law, not just their own notion of what is good for welfare recipients. Responding, the Health, Education and Welfare Department has come out for the same thing. It recently commanded the states to pay far closer attention to "the constitutional and statutory rights of recipients."

TRUSTS & ESTATES

Defrocking Dacey

A year ago, Estate Planner Norman Dacey, 59, found a pleasant way of enriching his own estate. He wrote a paperback book called *How to Avoid Probate*, and readers anxious to do just that turned it into a surprise bestseller (700,000 copies). His handiwork was 55 pages of advice and lawyer criticism, plus 310 pages of do-it-yourself forms that could be used to evade the estate-gobbling process that probate sometimes involves. Lawyers were incensed. As they saw it, Dacey's all-purpose forms took scanty account of the widely varying laws of the 50 states. The American Bar Association disapproved the book (TIME, July 8, 1966), and eventually its popularity began to wane.

For some lawyers, that was not enough, and they went after Dacey for unauthorized practice of law. A New



WELFARE WORKER PARRISH



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Above photo, reclaimed strip mine in Illinois. For further information, write Coal for a Better America, 1130 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.



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Pupil at Brentwood School, East Palo Alto, California, points to the word on right screen that matches picture on left screen. The teacher monitoring 16 pupils' stations has just praised him for his good work.



York State Supreme Court justice has just granted an injunction halting the book's sale and distribution in New York. At the same time, Justice Charles Marks also convicted Dacey of criminal contempt for practicing law without a license, an offense punishable by a \$250 fine and 30 days in jail. Dacey's lawyers say they will appeal the case, probably on freedom-of-speech grounds. The Supreme Court may thus be faced with balancing the need to protect the public from nonprofessional legal advice against the need to protect bar critics from suppression.

TRIALS

30 Minutes to Nowhere

"I don't know of any court in the country that does business on this assembly-line basis," complains U.S. District Judge George Hart of Washington, D.C. So clogged are Washington's federal courts that 950 defendants currently cannot beg, borrow or steal an available judge to try their cases. Courts in other parts of the country have tackled their backlogs with such new devices as computerized assignment of trial dates. But Washington's have tried something else: the "30-minute alert," which may be a good example of how not to solve court congestion.

Under the "alert" system, a defendant must sit around every weekday in a waiting room, while his lawyer and all witnesses in the case are required to be within half an hour of the courtroom. In theory, a judge can thus immediately fill an unexpected hole in his calendar; but despite good intentions, the idea has often failed abysmally, notably in the case of Charles Harling. Charged with participating in a 1965 armed robbery that netted items worth a total of \$29.10, Harling refused to plead guilty, demanded a trial, and thought he was making progress last March when his case was finally put on 30-minute alert. Then nothing happened—except that Harling had to spend every day in court.

As Harling's court-appointed lawyer, Noel Thompson, put it after his client had been effectively jailed by day in a waiting room for three months: "Delays caused by congested court calendars, busy prosecutors and the like cannot and should not serve as adequate justifications for denying the accused his constitutional right to a speedy trial." Sympathetic, the judges have taken Harling off alert for the moment. He has been promised that when he goes back in two weeks, his will be the first case called.

Meanwhile, the 30-minute alert continues its mysterious workings. After hearing of Harling's situation, four judges recently complained that they had spent the previous day sitting around without a single case to try. Court officials attributed it all to missing witnesses, prosecutors busy in other courts, and plain bad luck.

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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

A Vigorous Moderation

Back in March, the London *Economist* forecast an Arab-Israeli explosion. The magazine noted that Russia and the U.S. had reached a standoff in Europe and Southeast Asia, but that both had meanwhile been supplying Middle East nations with "a pretty remarkable list" of arms. It predicted that the superpowers would stay out of a Middle East war, however, because "their own soldiers and their ideological honor are not immediately at stake."

Characteristically, the *Economist* has not bothered to congratulate itself. As the editors see it, accurate prophecy is merely a byproduct of the magazine's job: analyzing international politics with a depth and detachment that few other publications ever match. Its calm authoritativeness has made it a favorite of political and business leaders in the U.S. as well as Britain. Exerting an influence far beyond its 90,000 circulation, the *Economist* blends concise reports of the week's news with lengthy analyses of key issues. It shuns abstractions and is seldom stuffy. The writing is pungent, specific, frequently touched with a cool humor.

Rarely Far-Out. Ever since 1938, when Geoffrey Crowther became editor, the *Economist* has attracted talented journalists and first-rate minds. It has rarely taken a far-out position that it has had to retreat from later. It has, in fact, vigorously espoused moderation and often corrected the overcautious views of other publications. To the common taunt that the Israelis caught the Egyptian air force napping, the *Economist* replied that it was all but impossible to have guessed the timing of the

attack. "Do not let us think that we would have done all that better than the Egyptians."

The *Economist* belongs to no political party or ideology. "We have nothing in common with the left wing of Labour," says Current Editor Alastair Burnet, 39, "nor with the right wing of the Conservatives." The *Economist* has argued against nationalization of the British steel industry and urged turning over the telephone system to private enterprise. On the other hand, says Burnet, "our social policy is in some ways more radical than that of both major parties." The magazine has consistently supported higher family allowances, liberalized sex laws, and greater unemployment compensation for men changing jobs—a move that would increase labor mobility. Truly international in outlook, the *Economist* has favored Britain's joining the Common Market and has stoutly backed the U.S. presence in Viet Nam.

Trend to the Vernacular. Under the *Economist's* articles of incorporation, no one shareholder is allowed to own more than 50% of the total stock. Currently, 50% is held by S. Pearson Industries Ltd., a diversified holding company (pumps, pottery, publishing), that also owns the London Financial Times. For a British publication, the *Economist* is heavily staffed: a total of 40 writers and editors in London. In the rest of the world, it is very lightly staffed. It has one man in Washington, one in Paris, one in Bonn, and one in Vienna who covers all of Eastern Europe. Elsewhere it relies on stringers, often heavily edited in London. All articles are unsigned; staffers refer to their brand of journalism as "consultative."

Burnet, who was political editor of In-

dependent Television News before he took over the *Economist* two years ago, is striving for less formal writing. "Nobody," he says, "not even treasury officials and financiers, talks the way the quality press has been written for so long. If there is a larger audience to be talked to—and I don't mean talked down to—we must write more nearly the way ordinary educated people write. We must use the vernacular more often." Burnet has also spruced up the staid *Economist* cover. A recent one asked in big print: "Who is Harold Wilson?" A question mark followed, and framed in the dot were the enigmatic features of Harold Wilson.

Burnet has no reason to believe he is doing anything wrong. In seven years, circulation has jumped by a third. Half is outside Britain: 11,000 copies are sold weekly in the U.S. Last May the *Economist* also started a biweekly Latin American edition in Spanish. "John Kennedy used to read us," says Burnet with quiet pride. "Johnson certainly reads us on Viet Nam at least. Bobby Kennedy reads us. Harold Wilson reads us without fail." And he might also have added that the *Economist* has made money every one of its 124 years.

REPORTERS

Fall of a China-Watcher

It was an unexpected summons. The usually aloof Chinese Foreign Ministry had invited Yugoslav Correspondent Branko Bogunovic, 47, for a chat. Over Indian tea, the woman in charge of the press section recited some Mao thoughts. Then she got down to business. Bogunovic had to leave the country for writing "distorted and slanderous stories about the Chinese Cultural Revolution." After filing 2,500 stories from Peking since 1957, Bogunovic hastily collected his wife and boarded a train for the Soviet Union.

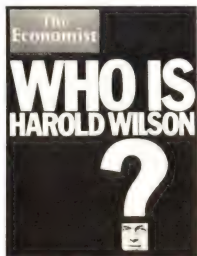
Bogunovic's ouster is a loss for China-watchers everywhere—capitalist, Titoist, Moscow-revisionist. They had come to rely on him for perhaps the most accurate and detailed dispatches out of China. In 1960, he first reported the sure sign of a Sino-Soviet split: an exodus of Russian technicians. In 1966, he was the first to report the downfall of the once-powerful Peking mayor, Peng Chen. While other China-based correspondents hesitated, he reported flatly that Lin Biao had been picked as Mao's successor.

Fact from Surmise. Like other foreign correspondents, Bogunovic was virtually confined to Peking and denied access to high officials. He saw Mao only once in ten years. No more than two press conferences a year were held in Peking. But Bogunovic knew enough Chinese to get some notion of what was going on. From his years with the Yugoslav Communist Party, he was able to read between the lines of party pronouncements. What he surmised often turned out to be fact.



ALASTAIR BURNET

He can't be doing anything wrong.



POP-ART-STYLE COVER



BOGUNOVIC

Suddenly a fearsome violence.

Oddly enough, it was the outbreak of the Cultural Revolution that allowed Bogunovic to start functioning as a normal reporter again. Suddenly news was available—in the form of posters splashed all over Peking walls. Journalists haunted the streets in search of news. Some of it was contradictory and misleading, but much of it, says Bogunovic, “unlocked the door to top party and state secrets.”

Happy To Be Home, But Bogunovic's reports began to exceed the regime's tolerance. No longer called “Comrade” by the Chinese, he was ominously addressed as “Mister.” When he covered a demonstration in front of the Soviet embassy, Red Guardsmen surrounded his car. “They began to bang on the windows,” he recalls, “and shake the car violently, screaming and shouting. It was a frightening experience.” When he lodged a protest with the Foreign Ministry, he got back a seathing denunciation of his “revisionist” views. It was all quite a contrast to his previous placid life in Peking. “We used to feel personally more secure there than anywhere else in the world,” he says. “We could send our children out on the streets. We could leave our homes and cars open, and nothing would be stolen. This violence was a terrible change.”

So he was not especially unhappy that he was thrown out. Nor has his disgrace in China damaged his career in Yugoslavia. Back home last week, he learned that he has a good chance of becoming director-general of the Tanjug News Agency, for which he has been reporting. The fifth foreign correspondent to be expelled from China since the Cultural Revolution began, Bogunovic predicts a similar fate for most of his 30 or so colleagues in Peking. “No witnesses are wanted,” he says, “whose knowledge and experience go beyond the facts that are printed on the posters.”

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ART

ESTHETICS

Brazil's Marx Brothers

Their father, Wilhelm Marx, a distant relative of Karl, emigrated in 1895 from Germany and established a large tannery in Brazil. Mother Cecilia Burle Marx was a cultivated Brazilian who made the family home in Rio de Janeiro a citadel of culture where Enrico Caruso came to call. It was an ideal climate for budding genius, and three sons emerged as the most amazing and talented brother act in Brazil.

Only a week or so ago, Composer Walter Burle Marx, 64, was at the Municipal Theater directing the first per-

formance of his *Third Symphony*. Haroldo Burle Marx, 55, is the wealthy manufacturer of Brazil's most exquisite jewelry. And Roberto Burle Marx, 57, is a Renaissance virtuoso: tapestry designer, tile glazer, chef, noted amateur baritone—and Latin America's most eminent landscape designer. For good measure, Roberto was displaying his recent paintings at a Rio gallery.



HAROLDO



ROBERTO



WALTER

Guided by the love of flora.

formance of his *Third Symphony*. Haroldo Burle Marx, 55, is the wealthy manufacturer of Brazil's most exquisite jewelry. And Roberto Burle Marx, 57, is a Renaissance virtuoso: tapestry designer, tile glazer, chef, noted amateur baritone—and Latin America's most eminent landscape designer. For good measure, Roberto was displaying his recent paintings at a Rio gallery.

Tourmalines & Topazes. The common esthetic principle that guides all three brothers is a love of Brazil, particularly the lush tropical flora of their native land, its vast resources and colorful peoples. Walter, who conducted the first performances in the U.S. of the work of his countryman Heitor Villa-Lobos, based his own *Third Symphony* on native *macumba* (witchcraft) themes. Haroldo glows over the beauty of his native tourmalines, topazes, rubies and garnets, shapes each gem in ameba forms that follow the structure of the stone. Roberto is infatuated with the dense Brazilian foliage, with its leaves that can be mottled, snowy, blue, asymmetrical, metallic or blood-veined, textured or wildly iridescent.

Roberto has made other Brazilians

appreciate them too. As a boy, he saw the wealthy cariocas fill their gardens with English rosebushes. Sent to Berlin for medical treatment in 1928, he was astonished to discover that botanical gardens in Berlin treasured their greenhouse supplies of Brazilian flora. He returned to Rio, attracted the attention of Le Corbusier, co-architect of the revolutionary Ministry of Education building. Roberto landscaped its gardens with all-Brazilian plants, flowers and grasses. Subsequently he laid out the gardens for most of the major parks in Brazil. The "Monumental Axis" in Brasilia and the immense Flamengo waterfront in Rio are alike adorned with the ex-

travagant splendor of rain-forest verdure—all manicured no more than is strictly necessary to conform to the severity of Roberto's designs.

Bamboo & Bromelia. Currently, Roberto is busy landscaping grounds for the Dorado Hilton in Puerto Rico, but he is happiest in the gardens of his mountain country estate 30 miles east of Rio. There he strolls among more than 300 varieties of philodendrons (one of them named by botanists the *Philodendron burle marx*) and specimens of bromelia. "It is obvious," he says, "that the concept of a garden goes beyond an esthetic composition. It also signifies the necessity of men to live intimately with nature."

COLLECTIONS

Taste on the Campus

Though Harvard's Fogg Museum and the Yale University Art Gallery have long been renowned, until recently the average U.S. campus art collection was apt to consist of a hodgepodge of works donated by alumni with more generosity than taste, housed in a dusty wing of the fine-arts building. Today college

museums across the country aspire both to finer art and glossier quarters. In April, the University of Michigan reopened a renovated \$750,000 museum, and Brown will soon break ground for a new \$2,000,000 art building. Other schools that, since 1958, have opened new buildings or added to old ones include North Carolina, Wellesley, Pomona, Brandeis, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Texas, Dartmouth and New Mexico.

White Rock Girl. All share a common problem: what to put in the new building once it is completed. Few discriminating collectors leave their best paintings to universities, and acquisition funds are piddling compared with those of any big-city museum. St. Louis' Washington University, however, has found a good way to solve the problem. Though the school receives only \$11,300 a year in income from bequests for the acquisition of painting and sculpture, it has built its collection into one unmatched by any school in the Midwest. The school simply shops in the contemporary art market, where top-quality art can often be bought for relatively modest prices.

For its first 65 years, Washington's collection was nothing to show anyone. Founded in 1879, it consisted mainly of odds and ends cast off by Missourians: embossed beer tankards, a Greek vase collection, a marble mountain nymph by a local artist (now in a university library and known to undergraduates as "the White Rock Girl"). Then, in 1945, Curator Horst W. Janson, aided by a committee, weeded out 125 paintings and 500 pieces of bric-a-brac, auctioned off the lot for \$40,000. The money was used to purchase 28 paintings, sculptures, collages and tapestries by Picasso, Braque, Moore, Stuart Davis, Klee, William Bazeries and other French and American moderns. Janson's selections are today valued at more than \$514,000.

Handsome Payoff. Since the present curator, William N. Eisendath, 64, moved the collection into its zippy new \$650,000 Steinberg Hall gallery in 1960, he has added still more modern paintings, including Sam Francis' flamboyant *Arceuil* and Roberto Matta's perkily prismatic *Abstraction (see color opposite)*. There are also other, more familiar works, such as a Jackson Pollock that was bought in 1953 for \$3,000 and is now insured for \$60,000.

Most recently, Eisendath has been venturing cautiously into pop. One of his prize purchases is Bob Stanley's *Crash (Indianapolis 500)*. All this has paid off handsomely. Enrollment in Washington's art courses has tripled since 1957; gallery attendance has risen too. And Washington is also providing adults in the community with a stimulating alternative to the more orthodox St. Louis City Art Museum. Steinberg Hall plays host to three or four major traveling exhibitions a year, and one of them, an Alexander Calder exhibit, recently pulled 40,000 visitors—30,000 of them from off the campus.

FOR A UNIVERSITY'S WALLS



BOB STANLEY'S "CRASH (INDIANAPOLIS 500)"



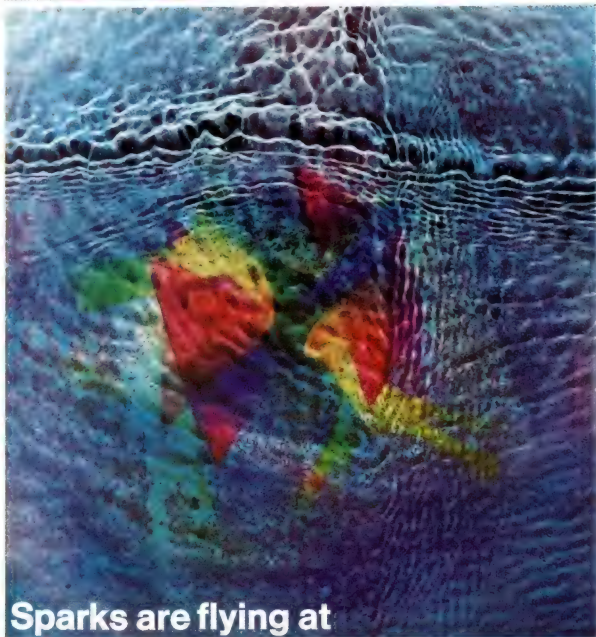
"ARCUEIL" BY SAM FRANCIS



"ABSTRACTION" BY CHILE'S ROBERTO ECHAURREN MAÑTA

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SPORT

TENNIS

Wimbledon à la King

One reason U.S. amateur tennis is in such parlous shape is that talent too often goes unrewarded. Puerto Rico's Charles Pasarell, for example, has won two straight U.S. Indoor championships and was the only American even to reach the men's quarterfinals at Wimbledon—yet he was passed over for the 1967 Davis Cup team. Then there is Billie Jean Moffitt King, 23.

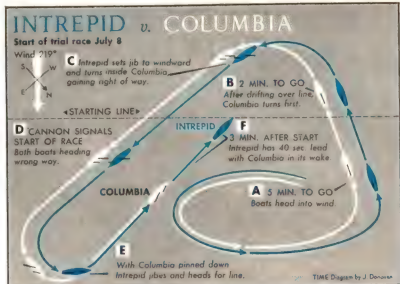
A chubby California housewife, "Billie Jean," as friends call her, is the No. 1-ranked woman player in the world—but at home last year she had to share the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's No. 1 ranking with Texas' Nancy Richey, who had never won a major grass-court tournament. Billie Jean had. Last year at Wimbledon, she beat Australia's Margaret Smith and Brazil's Maria Bueno to give the U.S. its first All-England ladies' singles title in four years. Afterward, Martin Tresselt, then president of the U.S.L.T.A., stated publicly that if the Brazilian girl had not been off her game she would have beaten Billie Jean—and wasn't it too bad she didn't?

Champion & a Lady. It took Billie Jean a whole year to come up with an answer. Two weeks ago, in one magnificent afternoon at Wimbledon, she 1) polished off Britain's Ann Haydon-Jones to win the singles again, 2) teamed with Rosemary Casals to beat Maria Bueno and Nancy Richey for the doubles title, and 3) combined with Owen Davidson to capture the mixed doubles. It was a feat last accomplished by Doris Hart in 1951.

Billie Jean has been playing tennis



BILLIE JEAN IN ACTION
Answer for the president.



ever since she turned eleven and "asked my parents to suggest a sport in which I could be a champion and a lady at the same time." Within four years, Little Miss Moffitt was a regular on the tournament circuit. Unlike many top women players, who hang back around the baseline, Billie Jean is a relentless net attacker, and her first volley is as good as a man's.

Perry Jones, 69, dean of U.S. tennis coaches, rates her among the alltime greats: behind Helen Wills Moody, the star of the 1920s and 1930s, but ahead of Doris Hart and about on a par with Maureen Connolly, who in 1953 achieved a grand slam by sweeping the Australian, Wimbledon, French and U.S. singles championships. Which, Billie Jean announced last week, is precisely her goal for 1968.

YACHTING

Bus & His Bog

Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher Jr., 45, is not the sort of fellow anybody would invite into a friendly poker game. Behind that genial grin are the instincts of a tiger shark. In last week's America's Cup observation trials off Newport, R.I., Bus once more demonstrated why he is rated the slickest blue-water sailor in the world. At the helm of *Intrepid*, he ran off a string of five straight victories, including a 3-min., 46-sec. trouncing of Pat Dougan's refurbished *Columbia*—the boat that was expected to give *Intrepid* its stiffest battle for the right to defend the cup against Australia's *Dame Pattie* in September.

Bus's opponent aboard *Columbia* was Briggs Cunningham, 60, who skipped her to a cup victory over Britain's out-classed *Sceptre* in 1958—after barely beating Moshbacher's older, slower *Vim* in the final U.S. trials. That was the year that Moshbacher invented the "tail chasing" start. While the two boats were jockeying for position, Bus kept *Vim's*

bow practically on top of *Columbia's* transom. *Columbia* could neither jibe nor tack without fouling *Vim*. Not until Moshbacher broke off for the starting line could Cunningham swing into action. By then, *Vim* was precious seconds in the lead.

This time at Newport, the crucial moment (see diagram) came 2 min. before the starting cannon, when Cunningham, after crossing the line early, swung *Columbia* around to get back inside. Instantly, Moshbacher spun *Intrepid's* wheel; his foredeck crew ran up a jib to windward—and in a flash *Intrepid* cut inside *Columbia* to gain the right of way. When Moshbacher jibed and crossed the starting line, *Columbia* was hopelessly backwinded and 40 sec. behind.

By week's end *Columbia* had lost yet another race, this time to *Constellation*, and Owner Dougan had replaced Cunningham with 39-year-old Bill Fickler, a former Star Class world champion. *Intrepid* appeared to have the defender's job virtually locked up—and attention at Newport switched to the Australian challengers. If the America's Cup were awarded for beauty, the sleek green-and-gold *Dame Pattie* would win easily. If it were awarded for brass, Skipper Jack Sturrock would be well in the lead. He left no doubt that he expects to win come September. But if the cup is awarded for tactics, it is likely to wind up in Bus Moshbacher's bag of tricks.

BASEBALL

Good Hitters Can't

Hit Good Pitchers

Take 34 big-league hitters with an average-average of .290 and a total of 373 homers and 1,371 RBIs. Split them into two teams, put them in a ballpark that has the shallowest centerfield in the American League, give them wind at their backs, and let them flail away madly for 15 innings. Then try to ex-

Strike up the mild.



Montclair has just enough in every puff. Just enough bright, lively flavor. Just enough light, mild taste. Go for the mild. Go for Montclair.

The American Cigarette Company

plain why the final score at last week's annual All-Star game in Anaheim, Calif., was National League 2, American League 1.

In a word, pitching. If the longest game in All-Star history proved anything, it was that good hitters can't hit good pitchers—on a day when the pitchers have good stuff and do not have to worry about pacing themselves for nine innings. All told, five pitchers worked for the American League, seven for the National League. In 30 innings, they gave up only 17 hits, walked only two batters, and fanned a record 30, including among their strikeout victims some of the most fearsome sluggers in baseball. Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays each came up to bat as pinch hitters and each looked at a called third strike. Pittsburgh's Roberto Clemente, eighth-year batting average, .328, wrote his name into the All-Star record book (as they say) by whiffing four times in a row. And St. Louis' Orlando Cepeda, the No. 1 hitter (.356) in the National League, went 0-for-six at the plate—running his lifetime All-Star record to one-for-24.

The only three runs in the game came on three wind-lofted home runs, the last of which—a 375-ft. fly ball by Cincinnati's Tony Perez—gave the National League a one-run lead in the top half of the 15th inning. To preserve that lead in the bottom of the 15th, National League Manager Walter Alston did what seemed to be a foolish and romantic thing. He called on Righthand Pitcher Tom Seaver, 22, a smooth-cheeked rookie from the last-place New York Mets. A fly ball, a walk, another fly and a strikeout later, young Tom strutted off the mound with the game ball clutched happily in his hand.

TRACK & FIELD

And Now the One-Mile Dash

The time may be near when track officials will have to reclassify the mile as a dash instead of a run. In the 13 years since Britain's Roger Bannister opened the floodgates by running a 3-min. 59.4-sec. mile, no fewer than 84 athletes have cracked the mythical 4-min. "barrier"—running a total of 278 sub-4-min. miles. Tops among them, of course, is Jim Ryun, the University of Kansas junior who at 20 is already the fastest middle-distance runner of all time. Last month in Bakersfield, Calif., Ryun lowered his own world record for the mile to 3 min. 51.1 sec. Two weeks ago in Los Angeles, he zipped through 1,500 meters—120 yds. short of a mile—in 3 min. 31.1 sec., to clip 21 sec. off the seven-year-old mark set by Australia's Herb Elliott. Experts estimate that Ryun's time for 1,500 meters is the equivalent of a 3-min. 48.5-sec. mile.

Obviously somebody is going to break 3 min. 50 sec. for the mile, probably Ryun and possibly this season, Track Coach Bill Bowerman, who has turned



RYUN IN TRAINING

Permanence is the problem.

out nine sub-4-min. milers at the University of Oregon, predicts that Ryun may lower the record all the way to 3 min. 45 sec. before he is through. But hardly anybody thinks that will give Jim any permanent place in the record book. Advances in nutrition, training methods, equipment, medicine and psychology undoubtedly will produce even faster runners than Ryun. The man who started it all, Roger Bannister, now 38 and a London neurologist, believes a 3-min. 40-sec. mile is in the offing. And then? "That depends," says Bannister. "on how long people think it is worth going on trying."

BICYCLE RACING

A Little Something

Big-time bike racing may well be the world's most agonizing sport, and the pressure reaches a peak in the Tour de France—2,990 miles across the plains and mountains under a midsummer sun. Understandably, competitors often take a little something to boost their strength and spirit. Sometimes that little something is a little illegal.

Last week, as the Tour set out from Marseille for the climb up 6,273-ft. Mont Ventoux, Tom Simpson, 29, who in 1965 became the first Briton to win bike racing's world championship, was in the lead pack. Nearing the summit, Simpson began to zigzag, crashed into a rock pile and collapsed. Doctors rushed him to a hospital in a helicopter—but Simpson was dead. In his jersey pocket, police found two partly empty pharmaceutical vials—one labeled with the trade name for a brand of British "bennies"—and Tour promoters found themselves with the makings of a major dope scandal.

EDUCATION

AMERICANS ABROAD

Behavior for Crusaders

Dropped into Berlin one morning without guide or direction, the young man in search of education floundered in a mere mess of misunderstanding.

So wrote befuddled Bostonian Henry Adams about his first trip to Europe in 1858. Until recently, most Americans were hardly better prepared than Adams was to face the languages, customs and currencies of the countries they planned to visit. But more and more U.S. citizens today face the prospect of living abroad for extended periods during their lifetime, as students, diplomats, businessmen or Peace Corps volunteers. Training them to cope with alien habits has become a burgeoning new branch of American education.

One of the best trainers in the business is the Experiment in International Living in Putney, Vt., which this summer is preparing 2,700 Americans for life in 44 different lands. The Peace Corps is relying on the Experiment to prepare 174 volunteers for duty in Afghanistan, Brazil, and Iran, has sent 1,500 trainees in all since 1961. A score of colleges and universities, including Pomona and Dartmouth, count on it to manage their overseas studies program. At the same time, the school also serves as a welcoming center for 2,000 foreign students preparing to live in the U.S. Among them are members of the State Department-sponsored Volunteers to America, a kind of "reverse Peace Corps."

Hard Knocks. The Experiment's training programs for the Peace Corps, which last as long as twelve weeks, are a common-sense blend of inventiveness, idealism and practical pointers. Lan-

guages, ranging from Iran and Afghanistan's Farsi to Yugoslavia's Serbo-Croatian, are taught by natives in classes of ten or fewer, using audio-lingual techniques developed by U.S. Army language schools. Training officers for the Peace Corps are generally about the same age as their students, frequently have fresh but forceful ways of preparing them for expectable hardships. To give her 28 Afghanistan-bound charges some notion of what they face, Anne Janeway, 30, deprived them of chairs, beds, eating utensils, showers and Western-style toilets. She even staged a mock wedding, Afghan-style, between a girl volunteer and an Experiment staffer.

One goal of the Experiment is to purge its trainees of any notion that their problems can be solved by calling the nearest U.S. consulate or American Express office. Thus most Peace Corps trainees go through "Operation Drop-Off," whereby they are simply put down in a big city or an isolated New England town with a few dollars, told to penetrate the "local culture" and survive for up to two weeks on newly formed friendships. Initially, the hazards of the project were more apparent than its benefits. Two Iran-bound trainees could find lodging the first night only in a jail, while one frightened girl sat numbly in a general store all day, afraid to ask for help, until a clergyman came to her rescue.

Home Stays. The Experiment in International Living was founded in 1932 by Donald B. Watt, the son of a wealthy department-store owner from Lancaster, Pa. Originally, Experiment did little more than arrange for students to board during summer vacations with amenable European families, after giving them a

brief and genteel orientation on how to act politely overseas. Under Watt's successor, former Colgate Administrator Gordon Boyce, the Experiment still handles more than two thousand students bound for summer "home stays" the world over, but the emphasis is increasingly on good works as well as foreign family living. Some of the Experiment's home-stayers are building an international youth camp in the French Alps, while others are conducting a health survey in Nigeria, teaching English to secondary school children in Japan.

In addition to its other projects, the Experiment has just launched an International Career Training Program, a 15-month course (tuition: \$3,000) blending academic study, home stays and travel designed to train men and women for employment abroad by government, business or foundations. In the future, the Experiment hopes to develop other programs specifically aimed at service to the underdeveloped world. "I am convinced that the latter half of the 20th century," says Boyce, "will be looked upon as equal to the Crusades or the great migrations in the movement of men and ideas among nations."

LANGUAGE

New Punctuation Mark

Some expressions are hard to punctuate. Take the phrase "How about that"; too sprightly for a plain ordinary... it is sometimes too ironic to justify an exclamation point. More often than not, isn't it really a question?

Thanks to the American Type Founders Co., Inc., an easy solution is at hand: the interabang, ®, a punctuation mark included in a new A.T.F. typeface called Americana. The symbol was invented by Martin K. Speckter, an advertising-agency president and hobbyist printer, who had long brooded over the proper punctuation for such rhetorical questions of daily life as "Who forgot to put gas in the car?" or "What the hell." Speckter's device, which he pretends to call the interabang ("bang" is printer's slang for an exclamation point), remained just an idea until Detroit Graphic Artist Richard Isbell casually included it in the Americana type he was designing. Delighted by its possibilities, the A.T.F. plans to include it in all new types that it cuts.

If the interabang gains the acceptance of grammarians, printers and writers, it will be the first punctuation symbol to enter the printed language since the introduction of the quotation mark during the late 17th century. Some typographical experts have already hailed its unique ability to express the ambiguity, not to mention the schizophrenia, of modern life. The interabang, cracks Harvard University Press's monthly bulletin the *Browner*, "might with profit appear editorially at the end of all remarks from the political platform and the pulpit."

How about that ®



PRETEND AFGHAN WEDDING AT EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL LIVING

Fresh and forceful ways to smooth the great migration.



NABRIT



McDONALD

At odds with the new generation.

UNIVERSITIES

An Urge to Retire

In Washington, D.C., last week, resignations were handed in by two university heads whose recent firings of outspoken faculty members had provoked demonstrations for academic freedom.

After seven years as president of Howard University, James M. Nabrit Jr. stepped out at a time of unprecedented strife on the nation's largest Negro campus (enrollment, 11,000, about 12% white). Though Nabrit a generation ago was a pioneering court room lawyer in the civil rights movement, he found himself branded a reactionary last spring when a spree of black-power incidents struck his campus. Militant pacifists booed Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey off a stage, burned Nabrit and Hershey in effigy, boycotted classes for a day.

Nabrit charged 18 students with staging "disruptive" campus incidents, then waited for the close of the semester tooust them and five sympathetic faculty members. On the day his resignation was announced, Nabrit was listening to protests about the firings from representatives of the American Association of University Professors. Nabrit is 66, would not have been required to retire for another year.

At Catholic University of America, Bishop William J. McDonald, 63, announced that he would quit as rector (chief administrative officer) in November. McDonald was at the helm last April when a faculty-led strike closed the school for five days, and forced the reinstatement of the Rev. Charles E. Curran, 33 (TIME, April 28), who had been fired because of his liberal views on birth control. The revolt, latest in a long series of incidents involving academic freedom at C.U., did not sit well with the cardinals and archbishops who serve as the school's trustees. McDonald, well known as an ecclesiastical conservative, tersely said that his resignation stemmed from a decision made "many years ago."

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WEEKENDERS DETRAINING AT SOUTHAMPTON
Some arrive in time to leave.

CUSTOMS

The Long Summer Commute

Noting that King Bhumibol of Thailand had visited Massachusetts' Martha's Vineyard as a child, Lyndon Johnson allowed to the monarch during his recent visit to the White House that "some members of my Cabinet—some members of my staff—have been known to disappear into the togs of the Vineyard for long stretches of time. Some of them even claim that the fog obscures not only land and sea but also the sound of the White House telephone." Added L.B.J.: "Secretary Katzenbach, I am carefully observing your reaction."

Johnson was presumably remembering the time of the Watts riots when he tried to reach Katzenbach, then the Attorney General, only to learn that he was weekendening on the Vineyard. Then he called for McNamara—and he was on the Vineyard too, a guest of the Katzenbachs. In needling Katzenbach, L.B.J., who likes to keep his aides close at hand, was rubbing salt into old saddle sores—Katzenbach's longest "vacation" since coming to government has been four days.

East by North. For a host of businessmen whose jobs give them a slightly longer tether and who have shipped their families off to resorts, summer is the time of the long-distance commute. Especially along the Eastern Seaboard from Washington to Boston, the trek to rejoin families for the weekend in resorts at Rehoboth Beach, Del., Cape Cod, the White Mountains or the coast of Maine is a grueling ordeal.

Gone are nice old trains like the New Haven's Cape Codder that whisked up from New York each Friday, returned each Sunday evening. Maine and New Hampshire, in fact, no longer have any passenger trains at all. As a result, the summer commuter quickly becomes a kind of involuntary transporta-

tion expert, inured to travel by bus, car, airplane and motorboat. Sometimes it's a long day's journey in order to spend little more than a day with the family.

It takes only one season for the summer commuter to learn to book plane flights months in advance. The easiest way for Chicago businessmen to reach the luxurious lakeside summer colony of Charlevoix, Mich., is via a 250-mile flight to Traverse City, followed by a 15-minute small-plane hop to the final destination. But what happens when the airline is booked? Those left in the lurch must drive north to Milwaukee, where they catch a ferry to Ludington, Mich., a trip that takes six hours—then drive 150 miles to Charlevoix.

Ingenuity & Spirit. Even with reservations, there is always the threat of fog and canceled flights. One Cape Cod-bound CBS executive set off for Boston, landed instead in Burlington, Vt., because Boston was socked in. The airline provided a limousine for the 220-mile drive to Boston; fog still ruled out the flight to Provincetown, so he rented a car and drove another 115 miles, arrived at midday Saturday only to set off again Sunday for the return trip, just as the fog rolled back in.

The most celebrated Cape Cod commuters are the Kennedys, and except for fog, they have the problem pretty well licked. All it takes is their ingenuity, their spirit—and their private plane. Every weekend, all summer long, the 18-seat *Caroline* makes the Washington-Hyannis Port run with a full load of assorted Kennedys, Shivers, their staff members and house guests. The crunch comes when it is time for the flight back to Washington. The size of the original entourage is often swelled by guests who made it up to the Kennedy compound on their own, and there is often a scramble for seats. But such, reason the commuters, is the price of flying on a non-sked airline.

When it comes to predicting the future, the technology-oriented prognosticators tend to see it coming up pretty much roses (TIME Essay, Feb. 25, 1966). But if scientists in their extrapolations tend toward euphoria, many of the humanities experts, in their cranksy way, are not so sure. At least such is the drift of *Daedalus*, journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which devotes its special summer issue to the subject "Toward the Year 2000: Work in Progress." For, as the Academy's Commission on the Year 2000, headed by Columbia Sociologist Daniel Bell, points out, along with increased affluence, greater population density and vastly expanded scientific and medical wizardry, there will be a host of new hazards, pressures and tensions bearing in upon the American of 2000. Among the commission's speculations:

► A drastic change in the family. At least so thinks Anthropologist Margaret Mead, who foresees "a new style with an emphasis on very small families and a high toleration of childless marriage or a more encompassing social style in which parenthood would be limited to a smaller number of families whose principal function would be child rearing; the rest of the population would be free to function—for the first time in history—as individuals." This will result from worldwide birth control and the "massive failure" of the present family set-up as evidenced by "adolescent rebellion cults, overt and aggressive male homosexuality, female promiscuity, and a growing incidence of alcoholism, addiction and psychosomatic disorders in both sexes". In the new family relationship she envisions that "companionship for work, play and stable living would come to be based on many different combinations, within and across sex lines, among different-sized clusters of individuals"—an idea that the new hippie tribes are already putting into practice.

► Big Brother will be everywhere. The technology of eavesdropping will have improved so much, speculates University of Chicago Law Professor Harry Kalven Jr., that "it will be possible to place a man under constant surveillance without his ever becoming aware of it." The infringement of privacy by employers, competitors, social-science researchers and government may be so complete that new institutions, similar to religious retreats, will spring up. "It may be a final ironic commentary on how bad things have become by 2000," writes Kalven, "when someone will make a fortune merely by providing, on a monthly, weekly, daily, or even hourly basis, a room of one's own."

► The supercity will have arrived. Almost half the U.S. population, predict the Hudson Institute's Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener, will live in three huge maritime megalopolises, which they call "Boswash," "Chiptus"

and "Sansan." Cosmopolitan Boswash will be the home of "New York liberals, Boston bankers, tired or creative intellectuals in publishing, entertainment and the arts, and political Washington." Chippits, crowding around the Great Lakes from Chicago to Pittsburgh, "will probably still have traces of both the 'Bible belt' and Carl Sandburg's 'raw and lusty vitality.'" Sansan, a Pacific supercity that may extend from San Francisco to San Diego, will be the seat of "an informal 'Bar-B-Q' culture," including "large and self-conscious alienated, New Left, 'hip,' and bohemian groups."

► A new hierarchy of values will emerge. Harvard Sociologist David Riesman foresees a decline in manners and charm and a correspondingly increased emphasis on such personal qualities as tenacity and willingness to learn new things. "As the society becomes more fair and just, making everyone in it dependent on achieved rather than adventitious accomplishments," says Riesman, "it becomes more precarious, less relaxed, less arbitrary and corrupt, with fewer respites from competition." To compensate for increased tension, hobbies will proliferate, but "there is the problem that these, too, will be judged in a meritocratic way, and that the easy Sunday painting of Ike or Churchill will be condemned by people who cannot justifying doing anything badly."

If anything remains more or less unchanged, thinks Riesman, it will be the role of women. "Their standing will still depend at least as much on the men to whom they attach themselves as on their own accomplishments in meritocratic terms." Not even in the year 2000 is that necessarily a bad thing. "It could be argued," says Riesman, "that women buffer men against the abuses of meritocracy, bind up their wounds, and make it possible for them to go on playing a game that, if not a zero-sum game, makes even the winners often feel like losers."

YOUTH

Dirty Pool

It has long been standard practice to require women to wear bathing caps at communal swimming pools. Reason: stray long hairs tend to clog the filters. But what about the teen-age boys now sporting long tresses that cover their ears, if not their eyes? One firm that manages 100 pools in the Washington area has decided that the only fair and logical thing to do is to apply the rule without regard to sex, is now insisting that a boy with hair like a girl must wear a bathing cap like a girl.

For some boys, the new rule smacked of dirty pool, while others have made the best of the matter, have taken up the caps. For most parents, however, the regulation has provided an unexpected bonanza. "It's a blessing," says one happy suburban Washington mother. "My boy tried out a cap and then decided to cut his hair."

MUSIC

CRITICS

Prince Uncharming

Sometimes Music Critic B. (for Bernard) H. (for nothing) Haggin looks around in concert halls and sees people under a spell. Not the spell of a dazzling performance or a moving composition, but the spell of "a long-established ritual without reality or meaning—performers and listeners going through the motions of esthetic response to a piece of music in which the composer went through the motions of esthetic creation." For 44 years, Haggin has been playing the role of the music world's prince uncharming, turning out acerbic books and articles aimed at snapping his readers out of their spell.

This week the publication of a revised and expanded version of his 1956 book, *The Listener's Musical Companion*, shows that Haggin, at 66, is as snappish as ever. "Accepted opinion finds greatness in every note set down on paper by a great composer like Bach or Mozart," he writes. "I hear in some works dull products of a routine exercise of expert craftsmanship. Accepted opinion holds some symphonies and concertos of Brahms to be works of tremendous profundity; I hear in them only the pretension to profundity." Tchaikovsky, Berlioz and Mussorgsky rank higher with Haggin than with most authorities. Puccini and Ravel he dismisses as perpetrators of "slick trash."

Quirky Evaluations. His evaluation of virtuoso performers is no less quirky. Pianist Vladimir Horowitz's "unvarying,

The New Listener's Companion and Record Guide (Horizon: \$7.50).



HAGGIN
Puccini? Trash!

mannered manipulation of melodic phrase [with] infinite gradations of tone is his one way of operating with every composer." On the other hand, Pianist Van Cliburn, who has taken some critical lumps in recent years, displays "disciplined mastery" and an "unfailing sense for note-to-note continuity of tone, tension and outline."

"I don't write these things just to be quarrelsome," says Haggin. "I write them because I have strong feeling about music. And I correct wrong ideas. The discovery that most critics were writing nonsense was what started me off." A liberal arts graduate of the City College of New York, he "drifted" into writing for the *Nation* in 1923 and, except for a three-year stint on the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in the '30s, has reviewed concerts and records for a variety of intellectual weeklies and quarterlies ever since.

Scornful Blasts. Along the way, he has blasted the work of most of his colleagues, including such contemporary reviewers as the *New York Times*'s Harold Schonberg ("vulgarity and offensiveness"), and *The New Yorker*'s Winthrop Sargeant ("deficiencies of critical perception, judgment and taste"). Recently, he wrote scornfully that Metropolitan Opera General Manager Rudolf Bing is "a bully" whose "monstrosities" prove him to be "not only without understanding of the special requirements of opera but without taste."

Haggin's ungracious invective and cranky imperiousness are offset—as in his new volume—by the clarity, detail and provocativeness of his excursions into musical structure and development. "I am bound to report what I hear," he writes, "and the reader then is free to find what I say to be true or not true for him." In that spirit, Haggin rarely fails to fulfill a basic function of criticism. He sends the reader—delighted, perplexed or steaming mad—back to the music.

ORCHESTRAS

Musical Chairs

Last week Minneapolis Symphony Concertmaster Isidor Saslav acquired a new title: he is now the Elbert L. Carpenter Concertmaster of the Minneapolis Symphony. It makes him sound more like a university professor than a violinist—and there's the point. Borrowing a bit of academic fund-raising technique, the orchestra announced that it will establish 19 permanently endowed chairs, one for the principal player of each major instrument. Saslav's will be endowed by retired Minneapolis Lumber Executive Leonard G. Carpenter in honor of his late father, a founder of the orchestra. Minimum price tag for the plan, the first such for any U.S. orchestra: \$500,000 for the concertmaster's chair, \$250,000 for the others.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Bishop in Exile

Except for such compelling reasons as scandal, heresy or outright incompetence, a Roman Catholic bishop is almost never separated from his see. For the past seven months, however, the Most Rev. Nicholas T. Elko, Ruthenian-rite bishop of Pittsburgh, has been in Rome, barred by his church superiors from returning to his diocese. The case of Bishop Elko, who describes his situation as "exile," casts fascinating

STEWART LOVE—PITTSBURGH PRESS



ELKO (HOLDING A CIBORIUM) IN 1964 PROCESSION
Few hopes for quick parole.

light on Catholicism's current internal stresses—and on the problems of its little-known Eastern-rite churches.

The Ruthenian rite is one of 17 semi-autonomous branches of Catholicism that acknowledge the Pope as head of the church but have their own non-Latin customs and liturgies. Ruthenian Catholics, for example, use a Byzantine liturgy identical to that followed by Eastern Orthodox Christians who are not in union with Rome, and which is traditionally celebrated in Hungarian, Greek or Old Slavonic. In the U.S., there are about 600,000 Eastern-rite Catholics. For many of them, their church is a God-given way of maintaining nostalgic ties with their homelands in Eastern Europe and Russia. But their peculiar ways of worship, puzzling and mysterious to most Latin-rite Catholics, can also instill a parochial insularism and fan the flames of best-forgotten feudal quarrels. Except for language and a few special artifacts, the Ruthenians and the Ukrainian-rite Catholics have an almost identical liturgy, but, says one

Ruthenian priest, "no self-respecting Ruthenian would have a Ukrainian in his house."

Bricks & Mortar. One of two Ruthenian bishops in the U.S., Elko for twelve years has been the spiritual leader of 220,000 souls in 120 scattered parishes from Pittsburgh to Alaska. The first American-born priest ever to become a Ruthenian prelate, Elko was in many respects a typical U.S. bishop: a blunt, tough, brick-and-mortar administrator who built 93 new churches and schools for his diocese. Nonetheless, his no-nonsense ways managed to offend both liberals and conservatives in his far-flung see.

Elko alienated Ruthenian traditionalists by requesting that priests also use English in the liturgy. Although Byzantine churches traditionally adopt the language of their native country, many conservatives in his diocese indignantly protested the holding of services in English as well as in European tongues. The bishop likewise alienated conservatives by removing the iconostasis, or screen, which separates the altar from the faithful in Oriental churches, and by shortening Easter services from 41 to 31 hours. Elko's firm administrative methods caused further complaint: diocesan clergy accused him of being a ruthless autocrat, who was averse to discussing problems with priests. Although Ruthenians outside the U.S. are permitted to ordain married men as priests, Elko ignored clerics' complaints and stuck to the letter of a papal decree imposing celibacy on American Ruthenian priests.

Suppressed Pastoral. Complaints about Elko began to roll in to Apostolic Delegate Egidio Vagnozzi (TIME, July 14), who recommended that the bishop be called to Rome for a discussion of the problems. Once in Rome, Elko was forbidden to communicate with his parishioners; his traditional pastoral letter for Easter Sunday was suppressed. This month, in a statement that in effect probated the bishop's spiritual estate, Rome announced that Elko's vicar-general, Msgr. Edward Rosack, had been appointed administrator of the diocese; Elko remains bishop in title, with no ecclesiastical powers.

In his own defense, Elko insists that he has done nothing that was not in conformity with the spirit of the Second Vatican Council and the sense of papal directives. Distressed over the dissension in his diocese, he hopes eventually to return to Pittsburgh. But the tone of a recent letter to a friend is that of a prisoner with no expectation of immediate parole. "Excuse the typing," he wrote. "In the past, I have had the good fortune to have others do my typing. Now, however, in this exile I have become accustomed to doing things as best I can alone under the circumstances that surround me."

LUTHERANS

Out of the Cold

The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, traditionally one of the most aloof of U.S. denominations, is edging into the ecumenical century. At its biennial convention last week in New York City, the synod took some significant steps toward closer relations with other Christian churches.

The Missouri Synod (membership: 2,800,000) takes seriously Luther's warning that Christians should not compromise doctrine. For that reason, the church has never joined the National or World Council of Churches. Until last year, when it helped form a nationwide service agency called the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A., the synod had remained relatively isolated from even its sister denominations, the American Lutheran Church (2,600,000) and the Lutheran Church in America (3,300,000). At last week's convention, delegates heard a report on recent theological discussions between the synod and the A.L.C.; the study concluded that enough doctrinal consensus existed to justify "a declaration of pulpit and altar fellowship" allowing an eventual exchange of pastors and communion privileges. The convention approved a statement noting that "separatism sins against love and divides the church," and urging synod churches to cooperate with other Christian groups in situations in which principles of the faith will not be compromised.

As an example of the kind of cooperation now possible, the synod for the first time urged its churches to work with other Christians in sponsoring open housing for Negroes. A resolution urged members to help establish fair-housing programs in their cities, authorized the creation of a church loan fund to help Negroes buy or build homes. And in still another precedent-breaking action, convention delegates authorized a new "study and evaluation" of the World Council of Churches. Some Missouri Synod leaders now concede that the denomination might some day join the council—if it could be established that it was simply an organization for Christian cooperation rather than an ecclesiastical institution having the nature of a church.

EVANGELISM

Graham Meets Communism

Billy Graham has preached before more than 170,000 listeners at a time (in Rio de Janeiro). But last week he described a rally of fewer than 3,000 as "the greatest meeting of my entire ministry." The gathering took place in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, and was the high point of Billy's first preaching venture in a Communist country.

Graham had long tried to crash the Iron Curtain. In 1959, he undertook a five-day visit to Moscow but, as he tells it, "I was not allowed to preach be-

cause they said I didn't have a preaching visa." Last summer Poland denied him an entry visa after he had made tentative plans for crusades in Warsaw and Cracow. Last fall, while attending an evangelical congress in West Berlin, Graham accepted a preaching invitation from Yugoslavia's Baptist Federation. Surprisingly, the Tito Red regime did not object.

In Zagreb, headquarters for his crusade, he was greeted by church officials with gifts of bread and salt—a Yugoslav symbol of welcome—and quickly became known as "Gospodin Billy (Mister Billy)." In pouring rain, at a soccer field owned by a local Roman Cath-



BILLY AT ZAGREB RALLY

With gifts of bread and salt.

olic seminary (the government barred Graham from conducting his crusade in a public stadium), he spoke through a translator to a huddled crowd that represented more than one-tenth of Yugoslavia's 20,000 Protestants. A sodden banner proclaimed in Serbo-Croatian, "Jesus said: I am the way, the truth, and the life." Graham skirted politics on his trip, announcing "I am not a representative of any government. I represent the Kingdom of God." But he made several pointed references to the problem of believers living in "difficult" situations. "Christians will always suffer persecution," he said, "but every tear we shed here adds to our glory in heaven."

When Graham asked those who wished to make a "decision for Christ" to raise their hands, 500 timid hands rose. Billy, who hopes eventually to mount crusades in Poland and Czechoslovakia, was unperturbed. Said he: "Wherever the Gospel is preached, whether to one person, one thousand, or one million, there is success."

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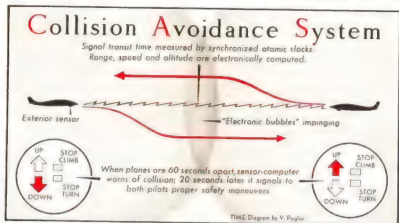
AERONAUTICS

Mid-Air Payoff

By early 1967, U.S. commercial aviation experts had spent a decade vainly trying to develop a highly reliable mid-air collision-avoidance system (CAS). The number of "near misses" by U.S. aircraft had risen to more than 400 a year; the air traffic problem would soon be compounded by the arrival of jumbo jets and the SST. Alarmed, the Air Transport Association in January started an urgent program joining six avionics manufacturers* in the search for a solution. Last week the ATA triumphantly announced the payoff: the blueprint

clock, and all other planes in the sector would synchronize with it. The whole system would operate at dazzling speed: 196 converging aircraft, all of whose clocks were completely unsynchronized, could sort themselves out and synchronize in 30 seconds.

At roughly \$40,000 per plane, the new CAS will be relatively inexpensive, and the ATA hopes to put it in operation by 1971. Budget planning for testing and refining a prototype has already begun. Says ATA president Stuart Tipton: "We believe this can be the starting point for a common national system for airborne collision avoidance—a goal we are determined to reach."



for a CAS that could make the skies as safe as a sailing pond.

The new system hinges on the installation of an atomic clock and a 40-lb. computer mechanism in every U.S. commercial aircraft. At three-second intervals, precisely timed signals from the computers would surround each aircraft with a protective electronic bubble. When one bubble touched another, the system would trigger an audio-visual alarm and possibly give the pilots a harmless electric shock. In today's jets, the warning would come 60 seconds prior to possible collision, when the aircraft were about 20 miles apart. Twenty seconds later, after electronic analysis of courses, speeds and altitudes, the sensor-computers would signal the best possible collision-avoidance maneuver each pilot should execute, such as "stop turn" or "stop climb."

30-Second Synch. The basic element in the system is electronic measurement of the distance between aircraft, each of which must carry an atomic timepiece synchronized to a network of ground-based master clocks. In places where master-clock stations are not feasible, such as remote ocean areas, one plane would take over as the master

ASTRONOMY

Opening Up the Southern Heavens

By accidents of nature and wealth, many of the most interesting stellar objects are inaccessible to the earth's most powerful optical telescopes. The objects are visible only from the Southern Hemisphere; the biggest telescopes, such as the massive 200-inch instrument atop California's Mount Palomar, are located in the Northern Hemisphere.

The resulting gap in astronomical research will soon be filled by ten U.S. universities, the European Southern Observatory agency and a joint British-Australian group, which have started building three 146- to 150-inch telescopes in southern latitudes this year. A U.S. telescope costing about \$10 million will rise at Cerro Tololo in the Chilean Andes, 300 miles north of Santiago. A European instrument will be placed on nearby La Silla Mountain. In Australia, a \$12.3 million instrument is slated for Siding Spring Mountain, 200 miles from Sydney.

"The fundamental problems of modern astronomy are connected with the origin and evolution of stars and galaxies," says Olin Eggen, director of Australia's Mount Stromlo Observatory. "We have come to some general ideas on how stars are formed, evolve and decay, and on the dynamics of our gal-

axy. But the subject still abounds in unsolved problems."

Studying the Milky Way. Foremost among the problem regions to be studied under optimum conditions for the first time is the center of the earth's own galaxy. That portion of the Milky Way is only partially visible in the Northern Hemisphere for a few hours each night, and then only during summer months. In the Southern Hemisphere, the center of the galaxy moves directly overhead six months of the year. Moreover, the closest galaxies to the Milky Way—the Large and Small Magellanic Clouds, more than 160,000 light-years away, can be seen only from the Southern Hemisphere.

From there, says Dr. Nicholas Mayall, director of Arizona's Kitt Peak National Observatory, "we will be able to study star systems in a different state of evolution from our own." In addition, such observations will clarify man's understanding of universal distances, and provide optical studies of many radio sources for the first time. "By studying the Southern Hemisphere," says Mayall, "we will find if the distribution of radio objects, such as quasars, is even, uneven, clustered or what. If the observations show that quasars are not uniform but are instead clustered around the north and south galactic poles, we will have a clue that they may be related to our own galaxy."

Big Step. Study of the southern heavens will provide checkpoints on what scientists have learned in the past several years about X-ray sources in space. It will also yield some of the secrets of spectacular globular star clusters like Omega Centauri, 15,000 light-years from earth. The brightest clusters, including those nearest the earth, can be found only in the southern sky. Since the clusters are believed to contain some of the oldest stars in the Milky Way, they may provide invaluable knowledge regarding the age of the universe.

"In this business," says Mayall, "the unexpected is a way of life. And exploration of the Southern Hemisphere skies by large optical telescopes will likely be as big a step toward the discovery of new unexpecteds as astronomy has taken for a long, long while."

MICROBIOLOGY

Relatives on Jupiter

While touring Harlech Castle in Wales, U.S. Physiologist Sanford Siegel found a wall-size spot that had been often used as an open-air urinal. Not everyone would react the same way, but it made Siegel think of his job—studying what organisms survive in hostile environments. After scooping up some well-urinated and therefore ammonia-rich earth, he conscientiously lugged it back to his lab at the Union Carbide Research Institute in Tarrytown, N.Y. What he stumbled on, writes Siegel in *Science*, was a microorganism that may be the living descendant of a recently discovered microfossil that is 2 billion

*The McDonnell Co., Bendix Radio, Collins Radio, National Co., Sierra Research Co. and TRC, a subsidiary of Control Data Corp.

years old. He may also have found a clue to possible life on Jupiter.

Siegel and his associates incubated the soil in a hostile ammoniac atmosphere, and fed it with a nutrient broth. Within weeks, there appeared a strange microorganism, umbrella-shaped, with radiating spokes and a stalk terminating in a bulb. Though unfamiliar with anything like it, Siegel noted that the organism flourished amid conditions resembling the ammonia-laden atmosphere that probably prevailed on earth when the earliest forms of life were developing, some 3 billion years ago.

How Do You Do. Three months after Siegel's discovery, Harvard Paleontologist Elso S. Barghoorn reported that he had found 2-billion-year-old microfossils near Kakabeka Falls in western



SIEGEL & AMMONIA APPARATUS
Umbrellas from a billion years ago.

Ontario. Among them were a number of fossils that bore no resemblance to any living organism. One was an elaborate structure that Barghoorn named *Kakabekia umbellata*. When Siegel saw a photograph of *Kakabekia*, he exclaimed: "I've seen that thing before." Indeed, some specimens of Barghoorn's fossil and Siegel's living organism were remarkably similar. "When photographs of the two were compared," says Karen Roberts, one of Siegel's research assistants, "it was difficult to distinguish which was which."

Siegel's discovery poses a fascinating possibility that has long intrigued other scientists. The earth's once ammonia- and methane-rich atmosphere has since been recast through the release of subterranean gases and the evolution of oxygen-producing photosynthetic plants. Siegel believes that the *Kakabekia*-like organism has survived for "a billion years or more" by living on ammonia from the breakdown of proteins in earth. Citing spectroscopic analyses of Jupiter, which indicate that its atmosphere still contains large amounts of ammonia, Siegel theorizes that space explorers on Jupiter may some day meet living relatives of his discovery.

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U.S. BUSINESS

LABOR

Long, Large & Difficult

Every morning for three days, the string of cars crammed with grim-faced men streamed through Detroit's traffic to pull up in front of a different corporate doorway. Each time, a solemn platoon spilled from the convoy, headed by a familiar red-haired figure. A holdup? That was the way some people looked at it. For the red-haired leader was United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther, and he was paying his now familiar triennial call on the nation's Big Three automakers to open negotiations for new contracts.

There were smiles and handshakes all around before Reuther got down to business. Taking more than three hours to make his case at General Motors, and almost as long at Ford and Chrysler, the U.A.W. president outlined the most ambitious list of labor demands Detroit has ever seen. With contracts due to expire Sept. 6, the auto industry faces arduous bargaining that could set the pattern for upcoming labor negotiations across the U.S. The fact that Detroit is girding for the worst—local banks report stepped-up savings deposits by strike-wary workers—suggests that the pattern may be.

A Certain Disquietude. Major labor contracts, covering 3,100,000 workers, expire in the U.S. this year (the figure was only 980,000 in 1966), and the biggest wave of strikes since 1959 seems only too likely. Not surprisingly, most labor leaders share Reuther's belief that workers deserve a bigger slice of last year's record corporate profits. Few major contracts expired in 1966, however, and corporate profits are off this year. As University of Chicago Labor Specialist Arnold R. Weber puts it, "Now that the unions are able to get to the bargaining table, the pickings are not so succulent." As a result, adds Assistant Labor Secretary James Reynolds, "management resistance is growing stronger at the same time that labor demands are going up. This gives rise to a certain disquietude."

Trouble has already begun. A twelve-week-old strike in the rubber industry spread last week to Goodyear, the only major company that was still untouched (though Goodrich and General Tire reached tentative agreement on a contract). At the same time, a strike hit the copper industry, affecting eight companies that account for more than 80% of the nation's output. In a small but violent dispute (at least 20 people injured), workers walked off the job at Virginia's Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.—the first general strike at the world's largest shipyard. Meanwhile, the possibility of a crippling strike by six railroad shopcraft unions flickered anew, though on Capitol Hill, there

were hopeful plans to draft legislation to handle the dispute.

Off the Wall. A new wave of walk-outs in the fall could weaken the economy just when there was widespread hope for a vigorous upturn. On the other side of the coin, lavish labor settlements, coming on top of undiminished spending for the Viet Nam war, would surely add to the dangers of inflation.

Now that labor has broken free of the Johnson Administration's onetime 3.2% wage increase guideline, it understandably has no intention of returning to the mold. Labor settlements during 1967's first three months provided for average wage-benefit increases of 4.8% a year. Many ran much higher, and with predictable results. In Cleveland, for example, transit workers recently won an 8% wage increase for the coming year, whereupon city bus fares went up a nickel, to 30¢.

Even bigger are the bargaining gains recently chalked up by building-trades unions, with wage increases in some cities ranging up to 13% a year. Walter Reuther's U.A.W. is sure to cite hefty construction settlements to support its demands. Other unions, in turn, will be watching how the auto workers fare. Especially interested is the United Steelworkers Union, which opens new contract talks with the steelmakers next summer. Aaments one steel industry official: "Reuther will probably bounce a few balls off the wall, and we'll have to catch them."

Guaranteed Income. Reuther's 1967 goals are ambitious even for him. In addition to the usual demands—profit sharing, company-paid auto insurance, more holidays—he is insisting on a "guaranteed annual income." As a starter, that would mean increasing the industry's unemployment benefits. And for union members with seniority, it would involve some sort of new company-financed plan enabling an off-the-job worker to maintain "his normal living standard" for up to a year. Automakers fear that such proposals, by guaranteeing a worker's paycheck whether he is on the job or not, would only encourage rampant absenteeism. Reuther, insisting that the hourly wage smacks of an industrial caste system, wants to put workers on a salary basis, since, he reminded General Motors, "that is the way you pay your executives."

The U.A.W. will probably call for wage increases in the neighborhood of 6% a year. The money question gets stickier when it comes to the Big Three's 120,000 skilled workers, who are bitterly unhappy about earning less than skilled tradesmen outside the auto plants. Having recently won the right to veto any settlement, the U.A.W.'s skilled workers will undoubtedly scuttle any negotiated package unless it includes an extra-big wage increase for



REUTHER (RIGHT) AT G.M.



AT FORD



AT CHRYSLER

Higher demands, stronger resistance.

them. Another issue that could send auto workers out into the streets: the practice of farming out work to outside shops.

So far, Reuther has not suggested which of his many demands are of highest priority. Neither has he indicated which company he will strike first in case of an impasse—though it may be worth noting that G.M. has not been the U.A.W.'s opening negotiating target since 1945. In any case, automakers regard Reuther's list as "long, large and difficult," says Ford's chief negotiator, Vice President Malcolm Denise: "I don't see how at the moment we can get over these hurdles."

WALL STREET Gamblers' Market

In a letter to the American Stock Exchange's 573 members, President Ralph Saul last week bluntly warned that "market conditions indicate a serious level of speculative activity." Calling for "firm sales policies and procedures" to spare the public from hazardous stock purchases, he lectured: "Expectations of quick riches based on hunch or rumor provide an unsound reason for investment decisions." The reason for Saul's concern was a surge of trading at the exchange that pushed both prices and volume to alarming heights.

Many brokers share Saul's alarm. "The high jinks on the Amex," maintains Vice President Bradbury K. Thurlow of Winslow, Cohn & Stetson, constitute "classic symptoms of irresponsible over speculation in 'cats and dogs.'" Adds Research Director Stanley A. Nabi of Schweickart & Co.: "It's not only crazy but also unsustainable."

On Flimsy Wisp. The action largely involved low-priced issues usually connected with such glamour industries as computers, electronics, equipment leasing and magnetic tape. Many of the companies are thriving splendidly, but others have little fundamental strength to support them. Lately, brokers warn, investors have been lunging after issues on flimsy wisps of news, sometimes even calling in orders without knowing the name of the "onics" stock they want to buy.

The first indications appeared in June. Normally, trading volume on the American Exchange runs about 40% of that on the New York Stock Exchange (in numbers of shares, but far less in dollar value, because Amex issues are much lower-priced). Last month Amex volume began to swell to as much as 60% of that on the Big Board. At increasingly hectic sessions, the ticker ran late 18 times (by as much as 22 minutes), and there were delayed openings on 17 days. For the first nine trading days of July, Amex volume climbed to a daily average of 5,446,000 shares, compared with 4,000,000 in the first half of the year (itself a record). Last week the volume hit 28,275,000 shares, second highest in the exchange's 118-year history. The buying pressure lifted the Amex's price index, based on all 1,060 listed shares, by 38¢ to a record \$20.89—an eye-popping 55% above its level at the end of last year.

On the New York Stock Exchange, prices also climbed last week, propelled by the highest weekly volume on record: 57,386,715 shares. By two of the most broadly based barometers, Big Board stocks rose close to their all-time peaks. The N.Y.S.E. composite index of all common stock issues rose from \$50.91 to \$51.60, an 18% gain since December 30, only a mite below its May 8 summit of \$51.93. Standard & Poor's 500-stock index moved up from \$91.69 to \$92.74, compared with its May 8 record of \$94.58; it is up 18%

for the year so far. The more familiar Dow-Jones industrial average gained 13 points to 882.05, up only 12% for the year, leaving it far below its February 1966 peak. The Dow-Jones lag reflects the profit squeeze that has hit blue-chip manufacturing firms—a squeeze that only helped to stoke investors' interest in smaller, more volatile issues on the American Exchange.

100% Margins. Battling speculation by deed as well as word, the Amex two weeks ago imposed 100% margin requirements on eleven stocks in a single day. That restriction—the most sweeping the exchange has ever ordered—brought to a record 26 the num-

ber of the Big Board's Ling-Temco-Vought, jumped \$6.75 to \$43.50.

Though Securities & Exchange Commission officials, who can order trading in any stock halted, feel that the Amex antics are now "entirely out of line," they seem satisfied with Saul's own policing efforts. After all, it was Saul himself who a few years ago wrote an SEC report blasting the Amex for its slipshod ways of controlling its members. Now he faces a whole new effort to erase its image as a casino.

BANKING

The Improbable Bostonian

It was somehow appropriate that the first tip came two months ago in Suzy Knickerbocker's syndicated society column: Serge Semenenko, 63, was soon to retire as vice chairman and director of the First National Bank of Boston. Last week the bank and the vice chairman made it official.

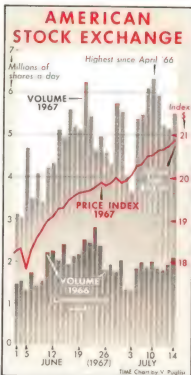
With his Slavic accent, lavish entertaining and yachting on the Mediterranean, Semenenko never quite fitted the Boston banking mold. In 41 years with New England's biggest commercial bank (assets \$2.9 billion), he capitalized on his own quite different assets to carve an interesting place in the financial world. Son of a wealthy Odessa industrialist who fled the Russian revolution in 1919, Semenenko made his way to the U.S. and a Harvard Business School graduate degree. Two years after he joined First National as a \$100-a-month clerk, he was an assistant vice president and off on a career that made him famous as a financial arranger. The loans he set up rescued scores of ailing companies, including such giants as Warner Bros. and The Hearst Corp. He helped swing Hilton's acquisition of the Statler hotel chain, and got more than his usual share of public attention when he arranged to bail out the faltering Curtis Publishing Co. in 1963 with \$35 million.

Retirement does not quite describe Semenenko's future plans. He will become a private financial consultant, with offices in Boston and Manhattan (and a villa in Acapulco), and go on as before, arranging acquisitions, making mergers and fixing sick companies.

CORPORATIONS

A Profit Lovely As a Tree

Dozens of industrial giants seeking new fields to conquer in the '60s have been tempted by the backward and fragmented housing industry. Most of them—including Alcoa, Union Carbide, Humble Oil, Reynolds Metals and General Electric—have found the resulting problems formidable and the profits elusive. Among others, National Gypsum, Certain-teed and Sunset International Petroleum have retreated with bruises from construction ventures. But not ebullient Boise Cascade Corp., the Idaho-based paper, timber and building products maker. Having spread success-



ber of Amex stocks for which buyers must pay the full purchase price. Normally, under Federal Reserve and stock exchange rules, an investor may borrow up to 30% of the cost from his stockbroker.

Of those 26 companies, only ten paid dividends last year or have declared dividends so far in 1967. Recent financial statements showed virtually no earnings gains for five, while one suffered a decline and two more actually lost money. Yet the price of 23 of the stocks has at least doubled this year—though some have subsequently slipped. Even with 100% margins, which exchange officials insist are generally effective in curbing speculative trading, some of the 26 issues continued to gain last week. Scurry Rainbow Oil rose \$9.50 to \$43 on rumors of an ore find and reports (later denied) of a tender offer for the company. National Equipment Rental gained \$3.13 to \$32.50, and LTV ElectroSystems, a separately traded subsid-

fully into prefabricated homes and conventional housebuilding, the company last week moved into the land-development business as well.

In a stock swap, Boise Cascade acquired Indianapolis U.S. Land Inc., which thrives by building artificial lakes in northern Virginia or California's Mother Lode country, then selling the land around them for residential and resort use. With the purchase, Boise Cascade became the nation's most thoroughly integrated company in the housing field.

Nobody else has put together an empire quite like it. Through subsidiary Kingsberry Homes, Boise Cascade foresees selling 5,000 prefabricated houses this year. In joint ventures with Los Angeles Builder R. A. Watt and Perma-Bilt Enterprises, a San Francisco area housebuilder, another 2,500 dwellings will go up. And Disco-Wayne Corp., which last month agreed to merge with Boise Cascade, does a \$100 million-a-year business as one of the world's foremost makers of mobile homes and travel trailers. "We've been trying to get from timber—our starting point—down to the marketplace," says President Robert V. Hansberger.

Toward \$700 Million. Born only ten years ago with the merger of two sleepy sawmill companies, Boise Cascade has become one of the nation's fastest-growing companies by zealous pursuit of ways to make the most of a tree. To utilize waste wood chips and sawdust, Hansberger quickly expanded into pulp and paper production. He added fine paper making by buying Columbia River Paper Co. in 1962, kraft wrapping paper by purchasing Crown Zellerbach's St. Helens paper division in 1964, newsprint and wood-fiber insulation board by picking up Minnesota & Ontario Paper Co. in 1965.

Last year Hansberger invested \$88 million in half a million acres of Texas and Louisiana timberland to feed a \$100 million pulp and paper mill due to start operating at De Ridder, La., in 1970. Though Boise Cascade already makes everything from envelopes to cartons, last month it strengthened its position in packaging by acquiring St. Louis R.C. Can Co., maker of fiber foil and plastic cans for such varied items as premixed biscuits and motor oil.

All that expansion, along with overseas plants in Costa Rica, Guatemala, the Philippines and Austria, and office-supply outlets in 17 states and Canada, has enabled Boise Cascade to escape the lumber industry's traditional dependence on construction for prosperity. Its sales (now 60% derived from pulp and paper) rose from \$53 million a decade ago to \$489 million in 1966, should reach \$700 million this year. Profits grew from \$2,000,000 in 1957 to \$17 million last year.

Homes in the Air. President Hansberger, 47, a graduate of the University of Minnesota and Harvard Business School (47), keeps in touch with his 21,000 employees in 80 main plants

by hopping around by Lear jet and Cessna. He spends Saturday mornings with his top command at the main office in Boise's Bank of Idaho building. Heavily recruited from the Harvard and Stanford business schools, it is a compact, youthful group. "We purposely stay thin," says Charles F. McDevitt, 35, who is one of the company's six vice presidents. "You just have to turn a little faster. I'm one of the old men."

Boise Cascade executives enjoy the open country around Boise. Yet few of them own vacation retreats, even though the company sells them. "We have no second homes," admits Hansberger a bit sheepishly. "Ours are airplanes."

Audacious TRW

As manufacturers of sophisticated hardware ranging from ball bearings for Viet Nam to microcircuits for the moon, executives of TRW Inc. (formerly Thompson Ramo Wooldridge) are about as thoroughly caught up in the modern world as businessmen can be. But one week each year they retreat to a tranquil farm high by the hill-country hamlet of Guildhall, Vt. (pop. 250), to eat strawberry shortcake on paper plates and set their sights for the coming year. Last week they were at it again, gathering in a 150-year-old barn for a round of seminars and lectures (sample topic: "The Government-Industry Paradox: Serenity, Seduction or Surrender?") aimed at keeping their dynamic company on the move.

They have succeeded rather well so far. At the Vermont get-together in 1961, when sales were barely \$400 million, TRW brashly predicted that the figure would top \$1 billion by 1970. Last week it was confirmed that the company is three years ahead of schedule, will reach \$1 billion in sales (probable profits: \$40 million) this year. Cheered by that achievement, TRW set a more audacious goal: a \$4.5 billion year by 1975.

Far Out & Close In. TRW as it now exists was put together in 1958, but its parent company, Thompson Products, a leading auto-parts maker, dates back to 1901. In 1953, a pair of brilliant, Caltech-educated scientists, Simon Ramo and Dean Wooldridge, left Hughes Aircraft Co. and with the Thompson firm's financial backing, founded their own company. Winning a contract for the systems engineering and technical direction of the Air Force's intercontinental ballistics missile program, Ramo-Wooldridge (TIME cover, April 29, 1957) quickly became one of the U.S.'s most respected "think factories." Its eventual merger with Thompson was a natural alliance of far-out and close-in engineering.

Big and diversified as it has become, TRW refuses to consider itself a conglomerate for the simple reason that its product lines are so compatible. With main facilities still divided between Cleveland (Thompson) and Los Angeles (Ramo-Wooldridge), the company manufactures automobile parts (pistons,



TRW EXECUTIVES IN VERMONT
Where shortcake is brain food.

valves, fuel pumps) and aircraft components (turbine wheels, hydraulic pumps) in the East, turns out most of its aerospace and electronic gear in the West. The tidy mix brings TRW 56% of its sales from commercial and industrial customers, 44% from Government contracts.

The company expects its automotive and aircraft business to keep on growing, but it is at TRW's dazzling "Space Park," a campus-like complex in the Los Angeles suburb of Redondo Beach, where it is truly operating on the frontiers of technology. Inside its gleaming glass-and-concrete buildings, TRW produces a broad range of delicate equipment, from convergence coils for color television sets to the most advanced spacecraft components. A participant in 90% of the Government's missile-space projects, it is currently building Comsat communications satellites, NASA's Orbiting Geophysical Observatory and engines for the Apollo project's Lunar Excursion Module.

End Runs. While an old Thompson Products hand, J. D. (Dave) Wright, 62, serves as TRW's chairman and chief executive, energetic, visionary Si Ramo, 54, remains its guiding spirit (Wooldridge, his onetime partner, is now semiretired and engaged in private research, has written two technical books). Ramo is particularly enthusiastic about the company's growing work in "civil systems," the application of computerized methods to such problems as urban renewal and air pollution. Above all, Ramo believes in being highly selective in the choice of markets. In spacecraft propulsion, for example, TRW makes only small engines. In aviation, it concentrates on jet-engine parts. Instead of huckstering competition across the board, confided Ramo at his company's Vermont hideaway, "we have always gone for the end runs."

WORLD BUSINESS

ECONOMIES

Back Toward Normal

From Paris last week came an economic prognosis likely to cheer business men on both sides of the Atlantic. It was a 90-page report from the experts of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development. Its gist: the down days for Western economies are about over.

There had been fears that last year's tough but necessary measures taken to deflate the economies of the major industrial nations—including the U.S., Britain and Germany—might go too far, turning a mild downturn throughout much of the West into a crippling recession. Not so, says OECD. The average growth rate of production in the OECD's 21 free-world member nations, which hummed along at a healthy 6% in the latter half of 1965, slowed to about 3% by the end of 1966, may come out to a barely perceptible 2% in the first half of 1967. But, predicts OECD, things will start looking better in the second half.

Consumer demand in Britain will rise "fairly strongly," in part because of the end of the statutory wage "freeze" this month. And even though Germany's downturn has been steeper than anyone expected, the OECD sees a "moderate recovery" in the second half. In turn, the recoveries will tone up the flagging economies of small countries such as Sweden, Denmark and The Netherlands, which depend heavily on exports to Britain and Germany.

The big tonic is expected to come

from the U.S. Blaming the sluggish U.S. economy on a delayed reaction to last year's tight money policy, the OECD sees "a quite sharp pickup, particularly in the later months" of 1967. There are, of course, uncertainties: should lagging production severely crimp corporate profits and personal paychecks, a revival will be long in coming. If all goes well, the OECD countries can expect that "at least by the end of this year, a more normal rate of growth will have been resumed, which should then continue into 1968."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Executive Sweets

They looked like lotus blossoms in their pastel *áo dài*, sweeping by the aging buildings of Harvard Yard. The blossoms were 46 trail South Vietnamese businesswomen, aged 25 to 45, who last week, after a brief stopover in Washington, moved into a Radcliffe College dormitory and began attending the International Marketing Institute's classes held at Harvard Business School. During the next five weeks, their dark almond eyes will beam on a group of lecturers from business schools in the Boston area, and their stiletto-like fingernails will flick through books on such subjects as real estate management, production cost analysis and product marketing. Then they will visit major U.S. industrial firms, dropping in on General Mills or IBM or Mobil Oil to get a firsthand look at how their male counterparts in the U.S. turn a profit.

In South Viet Nam's war-inflated

economy, building has boomed and new enterprises have sprung up in the major cities. With so many men off in the military and government, private businesses often have a wife, widow or mother in the executive suite. Today, these size-3 executives are supervising factories in Cholon or latching onto pieces of real estate in Saigon.

To make the long trip, the feminine merchants from South Viet Nam paid their own plane fare, while the U.S. Agency for International Development picked up part of the balance. In class, the little women sit daintily on the edges of their chairs avidly scribbling notes on U.S. management techniques into their big red notebooks. "We want you to remember," they were told by Stuart I. Mandell, professor of marketing at Lowell Technological Institute, "that you will have to face many factors in business, but the biggest factor is you—the boss." It appeared, however, that they were pretty well aware of their business status. Mrs. Tran Thi Muoi, 43, who owns a textile company, is advised by her husband, a retired army captain. But, says she, "I make all the decisions."

The ladies have definite ideas of what they expect to gain from their visit. Says Mrs. Nguyen Thi Hai, 45, president of Nguyen Thi Hai Pharmaceutical Co.: "Until now, France was our model in business. Now it is the United States." Mrs. Nguyen Thi Dong Thanh, 31, a teacher turned manager of the Merry Realm Juice Milk Co., is anxious to learn enough to "catch up with my other friends who are in business." A younger businesswoman, Miss Truong Thi Bich Tuy, 25, runs Saigon's Socipha Drug Company, which is owned by her father. Why is she at Harvard? "Too many times, I must ask help from my brothers-in-law," she sighs. "After learning here, I will be able to run the company myself."

Perhaps the Vietnamese visitors will leave behind a few business lessons of their own. One dainty entrepreneur spotted a costume ring in a Cambridge jeweler's window. It caught her fancy and she went inside to buy it, Asian-style. As she explains it: "I ask how much. He says seven dollars. I offer three. He says no, seven. I offer him four—say no more. He sell for four."

BANKING

The Multinational Vehicle

As U.S. and Western European companies in search of new markets spread their operations across every continent, their craving for capital has drawn the free world's great banks after them. Not content with setting up ordinary foreign branches (U.S. banks alone now operate 244) and buying into existing



BUSINESSWOMEN PASSING SUPREME COURT ON WASHINGTON TOUR
Leaving behind a few lessons of their own.

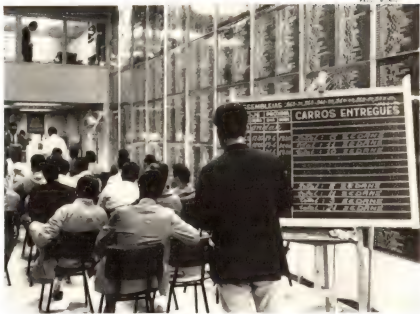
banks in other countries. Western bankers have lately swung toward the creation of entirely new multinational banks. In one of the most ambitious ventures of its kind yet, five banks from four nations this week will open a jointly owned bank in London's prestigious Threadneedle Street.

Called the International Commercial Bank, the new institution was formed by London's Westminster Bank, Manhattan's Irving Trust Co., Chicago's First National Bank, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corp., and Düsseldorf's Commerzbank. As an offspring of the rich (the five banks control resources totaling \$18.8 billion), I.C.B. will start life with \$8,800,000 capital plus another \$16.4 million in loans from its parents. For deposits, it counts on tapping the volatile pool of Eurodollars—U.S. funds held in European hands—which has swelled from nothing to close to \$13 billion over the past decade to become a major new force in international finance.

Filling a Financial Gap. The five founder banks already operate a vast network of 2,365 branches in 34 countries, and I.C.B. sees these as its prime source of loan customers. "We expect to be able to finance projects anywhere in the world," says Donald Robson, joint general manager of Westminster Bank, who this week is due to be named general manager of the new operation. Commercial banks operating abroad deal largely with short-term loans of a year or less; securities underwritten by merchant banks provide long-term credit. By specializing in loans of one to six years to top grade corporations, Robson adds, I.C.B. "will fill a real gap in the financial market. We expect to be damned active."

Some of that gap has already been plugged by other combines. In 1964, London's Midland Bank joined the Commercial Bank of Australia, the Standard Bank of London and the Toronto-Dominion Bank to create the Midland and International Banks Ltd. (capital: \$56 million). Three months ago, Britain's Barclays Bank, the Bank of America, Italy's Banca del Lavoro, Germany's Dresdner Bank, Algemeine Bank of The Netherlands and Banque Nationale de Paris formed Société Financière Européenne (capital: \$7,800,000), with head offices in Paris and Luxembourg.

Time was when global companies might simply have turned to New York or London for their funds. But balance-of-payments deficits have caused both Britain and the U.S. to check the outflow of money. By devising new organizations to operate with Eurodollars, the bankers have promoted health—and presumably profitability—competition among themselves. By making more credit available to private companies, they will also foster the growth of competition-minded Western businesses all over the world.



CONSORCIADOS AT VOLKSWAGEN SHOWROOM IN RIO
Bingo! And they're on the installment plan.

BRAZIL

A Lot of Car Buying by Lot

In Brazil's inflation-ridden economy, getting a new car financed usually means making a 50% down payment and paying a whopping 31% monthly interest on the balance over the next 18 months. Nonetheless, Brazil makes a substantial number of its own vehicles, and sells its tax-heavy trucks and cars (price of a new Volkswagen: \$2,693) at a rate of 18,000 a month. Part of the explanation is an ingenious lottery called the *consorcio*, which gives Brazilians a gambler's chance to acquire a new car far sooner than they otherwise could—unless, of course, they happen to have enough ready cash to buy one outright.

Spinning the Basket. The way a typical *consorcio* works: 80 or so would-be buyers get together, pool enough money each month to buy two cars. The group gathers at an auto showroom, where some lucky member gets one of the cars by the spin of a bingo-style basket. For him, the effect is much the same as if he had made an installment-plan purchase: he takes possession of the car right away, goes on making payments into the *consorcio* each month thereafter.

The second car is then auctioned off to another *consorciado*, with the proceeds from his highest cash bid going into the group pool. He, too, continues making the regular monthly payments, except that these are reduced slightly to make up for the additional cash that he has had to pay out in the auction.

The remaining partners always have the next lottery and auction to look forward to, with the procedure continuing month after month until every one of

them gets a car. The most remarkable thing is that even the last *consorciado*, unlucky as he has been, will probably wind up with a car sooner than if he had merely put aside the same amount of money every month on his own. Reason: the extra cash accumulated in each auction, coming on top of the members' regular monthly payments, enables the *consorcio* to buy and distribute by lottery—a third, or maybe even a fourth new car every couple of months.

Safe & Lucky. In short, the *consorcio* is a kind of collective buy-now, pay-later plan by which credit-wary Brazilians can be sure of getting a car—though they can never know exactly how soon—without making huge down payments or interest charges. Actually, the technique was devised in the early 1950s by enterprising tailors who had been having trouble selling clothes. Before long, freelance car-buying *consorcios* sprang up, but these were often marked by fraud.

Today, auto dealers themselves are sponsoring *consorcios*, and even manufacturers are getting into the act. Months ago, Max Pearce, General Managing Director of Willys-Overland do Brazil, began to notice the spectacular successes some local dealers were having with *consorcios*, wondered if the scheme might not be worth trying on a nationwide basis. Last month the company kicked off a *consorcio* campaign expected to generate communal purchases of 2,500 cars a month by 1969. Skeptical at first, João Lopes Coelho, director of a dealer-run lottery operation in Rio de Janeiro, lauds the whole idea as "typical of Brazilian ingenuity and flair for gambling, something that is both safe and lucky."

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\$160,000,000



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Incorporated

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July 18, 1967

MILESTONES

Born. To Teddy Kennedy, 35, youngest of the clan, and Joan Kennedy, 30; their third child, second son, making Joe and Rose grandparents for the 26th time; in Boston.

Died. Thomas Gaetano Luchese, 67, alias "Three-Finger Brown" (the lost his right forefinger in an accident), shadowy underworld figure named in 1963 by Gangland Songbird Joe Valachi as a ranking dope racketeer and presumed successor to Frank Costello as the Mafia's New York political fix-it man, a dapper native of Sicily whose only prison time, despite two murder arrests, was a short term on a 1922 stolen-car rap, all the while fiercely maintaining that his luxurious home and six-figure income was the product of honest hard work in his Seventh Avenue garment factories; after a long illness; in Lido Beach, L.I.

Died. Howard Black, retired executive vice president of Time Inc., who signed on in 1924 as one of TIME's earliest advertising salesmen, from 1937 to 1941 presided over the fantastic growth of infant LIFE's ad lineage revenues, then as longtime (1949-62) executive vice president was involved with all Time Inc. publishing operations, most notably the birth of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1953; after a long illness; in Greenwich, Conn.

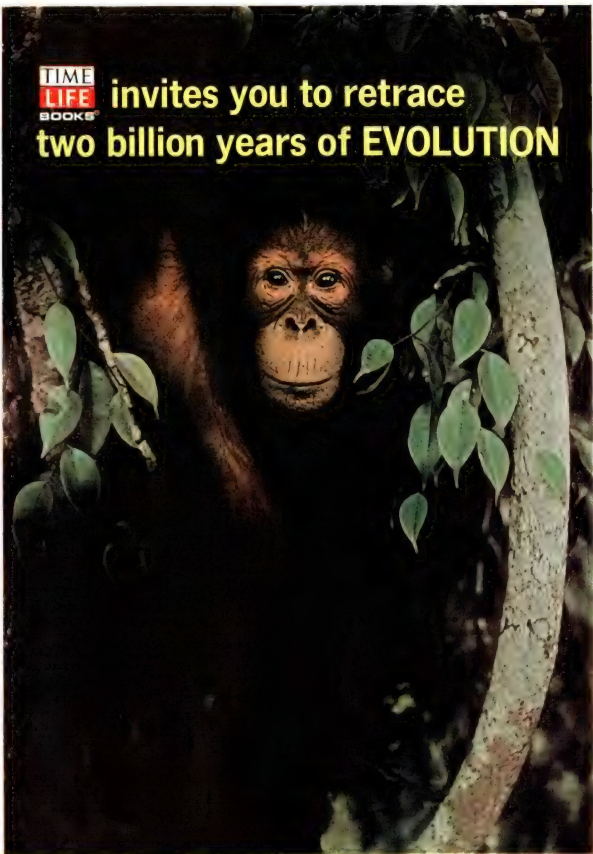
Died. Fatima Jinnah, 74, spinster sister and confidante of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, longtime Pakistani nationalist and in 1947 his new country's first chief executive, a schoolmarmish aristocrat who in 1964 came out of a 16-year retirement following the death of her brother to oppose Mohammed Ayub Khan for the presidency, bitterly but unsuccessfully accusing the military leader of seeking to "scrap the constitution" and set up a dictatorship; of a heart attack; in Karachi.

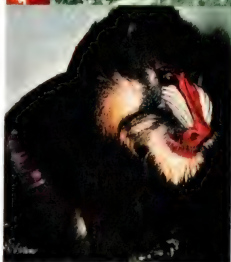
Died. Eugenia Childs Westmoreland, 81, mother of General William Westmoreland, commander in chief of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, a tiny (5 ft.), genteel Southern lady who recently greeted talk of her son as presidential timber with a pert, "Oh my, he's too young to be President"; of congestive heart failure; in Columbia, S.C.

Died. Adolf Johannes de la Rey, 91, South African cattle farmer and provincial politician, who in 1899, as a Boer War guerrilla, captured a British journalist named Winston S. Churchill, a misfortune that Churchill subsequently observed "was to lay the foundations of my later life," when his escape within four weeks made him an instant national hero and prime parliamentary candidate back home; of a stroke; near Johannesburg.

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EVOLUTION

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Man and his genes

Man's striking diversity of racial forms depends on the combined action of tiny genetic differences. A number of these variations have been helpful to man and are now part of his legacy; other dangerous ones may create lethal handicaps when they arise. Man is united in one species, but is racially divided into more than 30 subgroupings distinct from each other in genetic type and in details of physical appearance. While individuals differ within groups, what sets a group apart is that the majority inherit genetic characteristics peculiar to the group. Genetic traits which are not helpful, or in some cases harmful, tend to be selected against, although they keep cropping up.



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A CALIGO BUTTERFLY has spots under its wings like the eyes of an owl. By suddenly showing its spots it may surprise and frighten away a predator.

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OPOSSUM



LEMUR



MONKEY



GORILLA



MAN

The two-billion year evolution of man can now be traced from fossil remains of past species.

Why does man seem so similar to the ape? Why do ancient rocks contain imprints of creatures that are now extinct? What causes giants, dwarfs, albinos? Why do some plants bear a startling resemblance to insects, and some insects look exactly like plants?

A little over a century ago, no one really knew. The universal belief was that all living creatures began when "certain elemental atoms were suddenly commanded to flash into living tissue."

THE BOOK THAT CHANGED HISTORY

Then an English biologist, Charles Darwin, published one of the most important books in history. The first 1,250 copies of his *The Origin of Species* sold out in a single day, and a storm of controversy broke which has never entirely died.

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You retrace the historic voyage that young Darwin made on H.M.S. Beagle, and see the very same phenomena that set his mind ablaze. You see the primitive Indians of Tierra del Fuego, at the bottom of the world, so tough they sleep naked on icy ground. You tour the Galapagos Islands, nature's own laboratory of evolution, where complete isolation from the rest of the world has resulted in startling species never seen anywhere else; the world's only seagoing lizards, 500-pound tortoises a hundred years old, thirteen varieties of Galapagos finch, a phenomenon which helped convince Darwin of the evolutionary process. In one stunning color photograph after another, you see the "beautiful adaptations" animal life has made to the harsh demands of nature.

Here are the clues to bygone life—shells, bones, tracks, eggs, imprints, or entire mummies—that have been preserved by nature in tar, wax, coal, ice and stone; the cave cemetery in the Pyrenees where 350 ancient human skeletons were found;

a frozen baby mammoth perfectly preserved in ice for 22,000 years.

In *EVOLUTION* you can share the thrill of the couple in Tanganyika, as they uncover, after 20 years of digging, the bones of the world's earliest known man—over a million years old. And genetic scientists take you into their laboratories to explain the mysteries of the microscopic genes and chromosomes that determine the inheritance of characteristics. You see a human egg magnified 2,000 times, how a living cell divides.

Obviously a book of such scope cannot be adequately described here. So we invite you to borrow a copy from us and browse through it freely for ten days with your family. Then if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing. But if you do want to make it part of your library and your family life, you may own it for much less than such a handsomely printed and bound book would ordinarily cost. Thanks to TIME-LIFE Books' vast facilities and an unusually large print order for each volume, substantial savings are realized and passed along to you. As a result, you pay only \$3.95 (plus shipping and handling). Then you will be entitled to receive another volume of the LIFE Nature Library for free examination every two months, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price.

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SKELETONS of horse and man exhibit similar bones in similar positions, altered to perform different functions. In such relationships Darwin saw echoes of a primeval pattern, modified by evolution.



A GORILLA toys with her newborn baby. Gorillas' long, close mother-child relationship reflects strong kinship to humans.

Among the other volumes in the **LIFE** NATURE LIBRARY



SLANTING HAIRS prevent the retreat of ants caught in the leaf of a parrot pitcher plant.



CINEMA

The High Cost of Leaving

Divorce American Style is a slick, cynical film that paraphrases Comedian Ed Wynn's definition of divorce as a hash made of domestic scraps.

In this marital split the protagonist is a suburbanite businessman played by Dick Van Dyke. The antagonist is his wife (Debbie Reynolds), who, although surrounded by a faithful husband, two handsome, happy children and a \$49,000 house, nonetheless feels that her marriage is a snore and a delusion. As the two duel downstairs, their boys, who have heard it all before, listen upstairs, giving each parent points on a chart. The marriage game continues in the presence of the couple's lawyers. Debbie fights dirty, and in no time at all, Dick is taken to the cleaners. She gets custody of the house, the children, the car. "The uranium mine to her," he sighs, "and the shaft to me."

Each mate discovers that freedom is, as the existentialists claim, a dreadful burden. Van Dyke is taken in tow by a fellow survivor of a divorce (Jason Robards), who hobbles around with a bad knee he is too alimony-poor to fix. In a devious scheme, Robards proposes to marry off Van Dyke to his ex-wife and get a leg to stand on. In return, the two find a candidate to marry Debbie: Van Johnson, a chipmunkish used-car salesman. Up to here, the infighting and jabbing are worth watching. But in the final rounds, writer Norman Lear and Director Bud Yorkin pull their punch lines. The result: an unconvincingly happy finale.

For Debbie Reynolds and Dick Van Dyke, the film represents a new direction. Together they provoke laughter whenever they should, but for the first time both are unafraid to appear unattractive and even unsympathetic in roles that show them at play and at bay. Like them, *Divorce American Style* is flatteringly made up, but around the vivacious smiles are the lines of tension and the occasional haggard look of truth.



VAN DYKE & REYNOLDS IN "DIVORCE"
Mine to her, shaft to him.



O'BRIAN & MILLS IN "AFRICA"
Devoted to everything cute and cuddly.

Livestock in Trade

Africa—Texas Style! A herd of elephants pads its way up the green hills of Africa. A horde of eland tries to outrun the pursuing cowboy. Cowboy?

Producer-Director Ivan Tors, who with such TV series as *Flipper* and *Daktari* has made animals his livestock in trade (TIME, June 16), combines two supposedly potent ingredients into one widely-screened epic: The Dark Continent and the Wild West. In *Africa*, the world's champion rodeo rider (Hugh O'Brian) and his Navaho-sidekick come to Kenya to round up a bunch of wild beasts for an altruistic rancher (John Mills). Object: to create a meat source for the protein-poor Masses.

No sooner have the lone stranger and his faithful Indian companion settled in than the villain appears. He is a pop-eyed homesteader (Nigel Green) who fears that the wild herd will spread disease among his prize cows. Accordingly, he releases Mills's new-found herds from their corrals. O'Brian fights back, and gets moral support from Adrienne Corri, a willowy nurse devoted, as all nurses in this kind of film, to everything cute and cuddly—baby animals, native children and the hero.

Buried somewhere in *Africa* is a valid idea. Far-sighted ranchers are indeed beginning to breed wildlife as a partial answer to the world's dwindling food supply. Tors, a director of the World Wildlife Fund, obviously hoped to make a film that would entertain as well as instruct. This one does neither. *Africa—Texas Style!* has not enough of the real Africa, less of Texas, and no style at all. It patronizes the natives, shows the beasts in badly edited shots that unconvincingly mix footage of wild lions and tame humans. Tors has even includ-

ed the ancient anthropomorphism of a pet monkey guzzling beer—which only goes to prove that successful films with monkeys in them can still be counted on the fingers of one foot.

Western Grand Guignol

For a Few Dollars More. The first big-league Italian-made western, *A Fistful of Dollars* (TIME, Feb. 10), was a production as synthetic as its scenery. Its sole distinction was that it introduced Clint Eastwood as The Man with No Name. Now The Man is back, again played by Eastwood, but this time he comes equipped with a better plot, some real outdoor landscape, and a cast that looks even meaner than he does. As before, acting is forbidden; histrionics are kept to a contest of who can give his lip the tightest curl and who can give his eyes the narrowest squint. The competition results in a slit decision between Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef, another Hollywood-to-Italy refugee cast as a rival bounty hunter.

At the inevitable showdown, the two men make a lot of threatening sounds but never get around to any blood sport. Two hatheads, they reason, are better than one, and together they ride out to gun down a gang of Mexican bank robbers and split the reward. As Van Cleef and Eastwood close in for the kill, bodies begin to pile up like cordwood, and enough lead is exchanged to re-equip the Egyptian army. Long before the end, the violence becomes a bit like a Grand Guignol show—raucous, incessant and absurd.

Through it all, Eastwood walks around with a woolen blanket covering a fleece-lined vest and shirt in the midst of what is supposed to be an El Paso summer. He and Van Cleef scarcely look at their victims before knocking them off, never waste a shot, and never utter a sentence when a grunt will do—which gives the picture, despite moments of serious relief, the feverish aura of madcap comedy. For those who like an elemental western with galvanic gestures, a twanging score full of jew's-harps and choral chanting, and a lofty disdain for sense and authenticity, the film will be ideal.



VAN CLEEF & EASTWOOD IN "DOLLARS"
Two hatheads are better than one.



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BOOKS

Homage to a Bitch Goddess

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION (1917-1967) by Isaac Deutscher. 115 pages. Oxford University. \$3.75.

The Russian Revolution of 1917 is 50 years old, and it is tempting to say that never have so many been disillusioned by so few about so much. The small band of revolutionaries who seized power in Russia achieved a momentous transformation of their country and of the world. Perhaps even more extraordinary are the changes in the nature of Communism itself that took place during that half-century. The vision of the great socialist utopia collapsed first under bloody totalitarianism, was eroded further by a crude Russian imperialism, and is reeling today before the counterattack of nationalist sentiment and pragmatic economics.

Yet the heady and passionate concept of the international socialist revolution is difficult for some men to give up. Isaac Deutscher is one of those who seem to have taken to it as others take to wine and women. He still carries a torch for the Russian Revolution as the guiding light of future world history. A Polish-born Communist, expelled from the party in 1932 for political deviation, Deutscher is now a Britain-based historian and widely considered one of the leading experts on Communism. His three-volume study of Trotsky (*The Prophet Armed*, *The Prophet Unarmed*, *The Prophet Outcast*) is an outstanding biography of that tragic revolutionary. But Deutscher is clearly also his own ideologue, surveying the Russian Revolution for his own romantic needs. This book offers a particularly revealing in-

sight into the thinking style of an intellectual heretic who nevertheless remains a devout Marxist.

Third Act Coming. To Deutscher, the events of 1917 were but the first act of a continuing international revolutionary happening; the second act was the Chinese Communist takeover of 1948; and the curtain is about to rise on the third. The Russian Revolution really consisted of two revolutions, proletarian and bourgeois, merged into one. The proletariat was represented by the collective-minded industrial urban workers; the bourgeoisie, by economically individualistic peasants. The industrial workers were, of course, the revolutionary elite, "the chief agent of socialism." But in the famines and civil wars that raged into the 1920s, this industrial flower was cut down; the Russian workers who had manned the barricades "physically and politically faded out." On the other hand, despite famine and purges, the bourgeois peasantry "survived in the tangible realities of rural life [and] the socialist revolution was like a phantom suspended in a void."

Supposedly acting as trustee "until such time as a new working class would come into being," the Bolshevik bureaucracy established a dictatorship that was proletarian in name only. Eventually, this rule of a single faction turned into the single rule of its chief, the autocratic and despotic Stalin. He pursued a policy of Russian nationalism rather than international socialism—which was one reason for his quarrel with Trotsky. Stalin stymied the Chinese attempts at revolution in the 1920s by forcing the Chinese Communists to submit to Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang, to discourage agrarian revolts, and finally,

in 1927, to disarm the insurgent workers in the cities. Writes Deutscher: "In this way, the first great, victorious proletarian uprising in Asia, the Commune of Shanghai, was suppressed."

What Stalin was trying to do, for purely Russian national interests, was to bring about, at least temporarily, peaceful coexistence with the West by demonstrating that he was not interested in fomenting revolution beyond Russia's traditional sphere of influence. Deutscher's retelling of this familiar episode adds nothing new, but it provides an indispensable backdrop to later Russian exercises in peaceful coexistence, and to the present Sino-Soviet conflict.

Mao as Trustee. After World War II, it was impossible to hold China back. But since the suppression of the Shanghai commune had eliminated the workers' elite, Deutscher sees an obvious parallel with Russia. Mao, like Stalin, became the single trustee and guardian of a dismembered proletariat. And, like Stalin, he became afflicted with poisonous national egotism.

China today claims to be the champion of revolutionary purity, but to Deutscher, the conflict is a rivalry between two fiercely nationalistic powers. And the domestic unrest in both countries, he believes, is caused by a re-emerging working class claiming its rightful position of revolutionary supremacy: "the conflict between the bourgeois and the socialist aspects of the revolution is still unresolved."

Although it has become fashionable for some Western liberal economists to speak of an eventual convergence of values between socialism and capitalism, Deutscher argues that so far the only convergence has been in the Marxist direction. In Galbraithian terms, he cites "the deepening divorce of management from property," the increasingly elaborate division of labor within and between corporations, the withering away of the market and *laissez faire*, the growing economic pull of the state and of planning—all these are parts of the traditional "embryo of socialism within the womb of capitalism."

Myth v. Reality. Persuasive though he sounds, the fabric of Deutscher's interpretation is thin and full of holes. He is right in accusing nationalism of subverting international revolution; yet it must be remembered that Communism also constantly tries to subvert and take over nationalistic movements, and often succeeds. His insistence on making the industrial working class the driving force behind any modern revolution often leaves him grasping for threads. After all, revolutions have been far more frequently led by bourgeois intellectuals. And the notion that today's workers in Russia and China are demanding their rightful revolutionary place appears particularly quaint; what they are increasingly demanding is a consumer's place in the sun. Finally, what Deutscher regards as embryonic socialism in modern capitalism is not necessarily socialism at all, but the



THE STORMING OF THE WINTER PALACE (1917)

As others take to wine and women.



ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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But a small college with imagination and a willingness to innovate and experiment, with teachers who care about teaching and about their students as human beings, and with a community life of shared activities and concern for social and moral values can provide an education both academically excellent and significant for human growth.

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consequence of modern technology and the organization it requires.

Deutscher, now 60, obviously remains caught up in his love affair with the bitch goddess of the left—international socialist revolution. And even though his love has not only been wed but ravaged by all sorts of adventures, he still regards her as essentially pure, as innocent as she seemed when she first appeared before him in his youth. It is, he believes, her captors who are to blame. But in so often allowing emotion to obscure fact, myth to overwhelm reality, he only proves once more, alas, that no bourgeois gentleman can be as sentimental as a doctrinaire proletarian revolutionary.

The Great Jewish Families

OUR CROWD by Stephen Birmingham
404 pages. Harper & Row. \$8.95

Adolph Lewisohn spent \$300 a month just for shaves and took up tap dancing at 80. Before giving his famous dinner parties, Carl Loeb held dress rehearsals on the preceding evening—with real food, real wine and substitute, or second-string, guests. On entering Williams College in 1895, Herbert Lehman, who later became New York Governor and U.S. Senator, took along his private car and chauffeur. Therese, daughter of Fanny and Solomon Loeb, could not button her dress at 18: servants had always done it for her.

Route to High Finance. These names and others: Schiff, Warburg, Straus, Goldman, Guggenheim, Sachs form what Stephen Birmingham calls Manhattan's "other Society," the great Jewish families of New York. Their founders, nearly all of them German, arrived in the U.S. in the middle decades of the 19th century. Nearly all of them were desperately poor, but in a young nation willing to reward industry, they succeeded beyond their dreams, along a route that led from peddlers' packs to high finance. Today, their banking and brokerage houses stand like monuments on Wall Street, and there are symbols, in other permutations, scattered the length of Manhattan: Macy's (owned by the Strauses), Lewisohn Stadium, the Guggenheim Museum.

Great wealth prompted them to maintain a social structure as exclusive in its way as Mrs. Astor's, to whose balls they were of course never invited. Manhattan from the East 60s to the East 80s was their principality: Elberon, N.J., a summer watering place, became known as the Jewish Newport. *Familieneinheit* (family feeling) was their religion: the Seligman social calendar registered 243 anniversaries a year.

Some individuals learned to live with anti-Semitic snobbery, others out-snobbled the snobs. Banker August Belmont, born Schönberg, desperately wanted membership in Manhattan's exclusive, all-Gentile Union Club. So in 1848 he crossed the line and married Caroline Stidell Perry, daughter of the

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is a
family
tree...



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cient economy in the world.

"Let no one doubt it," said the President, "we will eliminate our international deficit... This is a problem that involves all of us. I know the American public will respond in full measure to the challenge."

What can you do? Get a free booklet, "Keeping the American Dollar Strong." Write: "Good as Gold," Dept. of Commerce, Washington, D.C. 20230





FELIX WARBURG
As elegant as Mrs. Astor.

commodore. He got his membership. In more recent years, there was a good deal of studied superiority directed by the "old" Jewish arrivals toward the newer immigrants. In 1950, a granddaughter of Felix Warburg, the legendary *hon vivants*, yachtsman, polo player, art collector and philanthropist, married Robert W. Sarnoff, in some quarters, the groom was identified as "the son of that Russian radio man."

Close to Aristocracy. Today, the scions of the great families administer their institutions and their inheritances, and support their favorite charities, as usual calling little attention to themselves. Time has tempered the extravagances of another era. Author Birmingham, who has previously confined his work mostly to fiction, treats his subjects affectionately as well as skillfully. He calls them "the closest thing to aristocracy that the city, and perhaps the country, had seen."

This may be too easy a dismissal of the elites of New England and of the old South, among others. It is enough to say that "our crowd" was and is one American aristocracy among several, and its existence proves the immense adaptability of the U.S. as well as of the Jews. They have often seemed ready for adversity than for good fortune. But in whatever condition, they have been a tremendous altruistic force in the U.S.—and in a pinch, they have even forced themselves to adjust to palaces and private parlor cars.

Short Notices

MANUELA by Demetrio Aguilera Malta. 304 pages Southern Illinois University. \$6.95.

Her husband had just come home from the seas. He looked in the closet. "What are those military uniforms doing there?" he asked. "They're mine," said Manuela Sáenz de Thorne. "I'm a colonel in the Liberation Army."

Manuela was more than a colonel in

the army of Simón Bolívar, who liberated the west coast of South America from the Spaniards early in the last century. She was also Bolívar's political fixer and counselor and, for eight years, his mistress (her husband finally divorced her). As this book makes clear, "La Sáenz," the illegitimate daughter of a Spanish nobleman and an Ecuadorian peasant girl, was a remarkable young woman. She raised money and equipment when the Liberator's armies were flagging, took over affairs of state when he was in the field, followed him through the Andes on horseback with a column of troops, twice foiled plots to assassinate him—and once held off four mutinous officers with her sword while Bolívar escaped through a bed-room window.

Author Aguilera Malta, a noted Ecuadorian writer, was able to draw on the best possible source for this historical novel: Manuela herself. In addition to her other activities, she was the official archivist for Bolívar's army, and her records document much of the tragedy, trivia and triumph that accompanied the 14-year battle to drive the *godos* (Spaniards) out of Latin America.

THE GLORY TENT by William E. Barrett. 72 pages. Doubleday. \$2.95.

The author's gentle and poetic little 1962 novel *The Lilies of the Field* went almost unnoticed as a book, but made it fairly big as a motion picture. Actor Sidney Poitier won an Oscar portraying Homer Smith, the book's footloose handyman hero, who used ingenuity, faith and adobe bricks to build a Catholic chapel for a penniless order of German-speaking nuns. In this sequel, Homer works another miracle when, pressed into service as an evangelist at an old-fashioned hallelujah tent meeting, he inspires a crippled girl to walk. Although his tale is almost too short and slight to be put between hard covers, William Barrett (*The Left Hand of God, Woman on Horseback*) tells it with artful simplicity, and Homer retains the dimensions of a genuine folk hero.

On the Road

SIGNS AND WONDERS by Françoise Mallet-Joris. 408 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

Françoise Mallet-Joris writes in the tradition of Émile Zola. Her plots are complex and thickly populated, and her characters move up and down through the floors of French society like a gilt-and-glass Parisian elevator—and, often, at about the same speed.

Inexplicable Union. In this, her sixth novel, she deals with the France of the early 1960s, when De Gaulle was excommunicating his nation from the Algerian war and rabid rightists were murdering Arabs and detonating plastic bombs throughout France. Her protagonist, Nicolas Lecluser, is a great bearlike, brooding man. He had written a successful novel about his Russian mother, who

had apparently died in a Nazi concentration camp. Now he is astounded to learn that his mother survived, is living in Germany, and is married to one of the former camp guards.

This inexplicable union of victim and executioner so unsettles Nicolas that he can no longer write fiction. To shape a new life, he takes a job with a new magazine, which assigns him to explore France "as you would the Amazon." He is accompanied on the quest by Marcelle Landau, a beautiful young woman who, because she had been a homely child, still thinks herself ugly. They become lovers, and since each is a grade A neurotic, the romance takes a roller-coaster course.

Along the way are vivid and beautifully described vignettes of rural France. The pair meets O.A.S. assassins and silky entrepreneurs, dislocated settlers and stranded Arabs. To Marcelle, these encounters are part of the breath of life, but to Nicolas they are increasing evidence that the world consists only of "mawkish absurdity and lunatic atrocity." His crack-up is inevitable and comes with measured solemnity. Each family confrontation—with his brother, who is a worker priest, with his dotting father, his enigmatic mother—erodes a bit more of Nicolas' will to live, and so he kills himself.

The Demands of Love. Author Mallet-Joris, 36, counts among her considerable gifts the ability to present believable male characters, an art that is beyond many women writers. She is also a master of the trenchant phrase: a businessman has an "Easter Island head stuck on a penguin body"; a cantankerous father "needs to see his son unhappy in order to love him." She is one of those rare writers who can create worlds that readers instantly accept. Love, and its demands, are what her novel is about. Man's only choice, she says, is to accept the demands or die.



FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS
Slow march to lunacy.



The Portuguese call it Jôgo do Pau. I call it mayhem.

1 "Here's a rough sport that calls for skill, strength and, most important, stamina," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "A good Jôgo player uses all the tricks of

fencing—jabbing, sabre-swinging, lunging, parrying—with just a supple 5-foot stick as his weapon. I'd done some fencing so I thought I'd give Jôgo a try.



2 "The idea of Jôgo, they said, is to overwhelm, rather than injure, the other fellow. So I began a whirlwind offensive. But I couldn't touch him with a five-foot pole!



3 "Then he went to work like a master swordsman, penetrating my defenses at will. I back-pedaled but he kept on coming. In Jôgo, only a fool fights till he's down. I resigned.



4 "Thoroughly licked, but not disgraced, I went off arm-in-arm with my opponent to a nearby tavern for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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